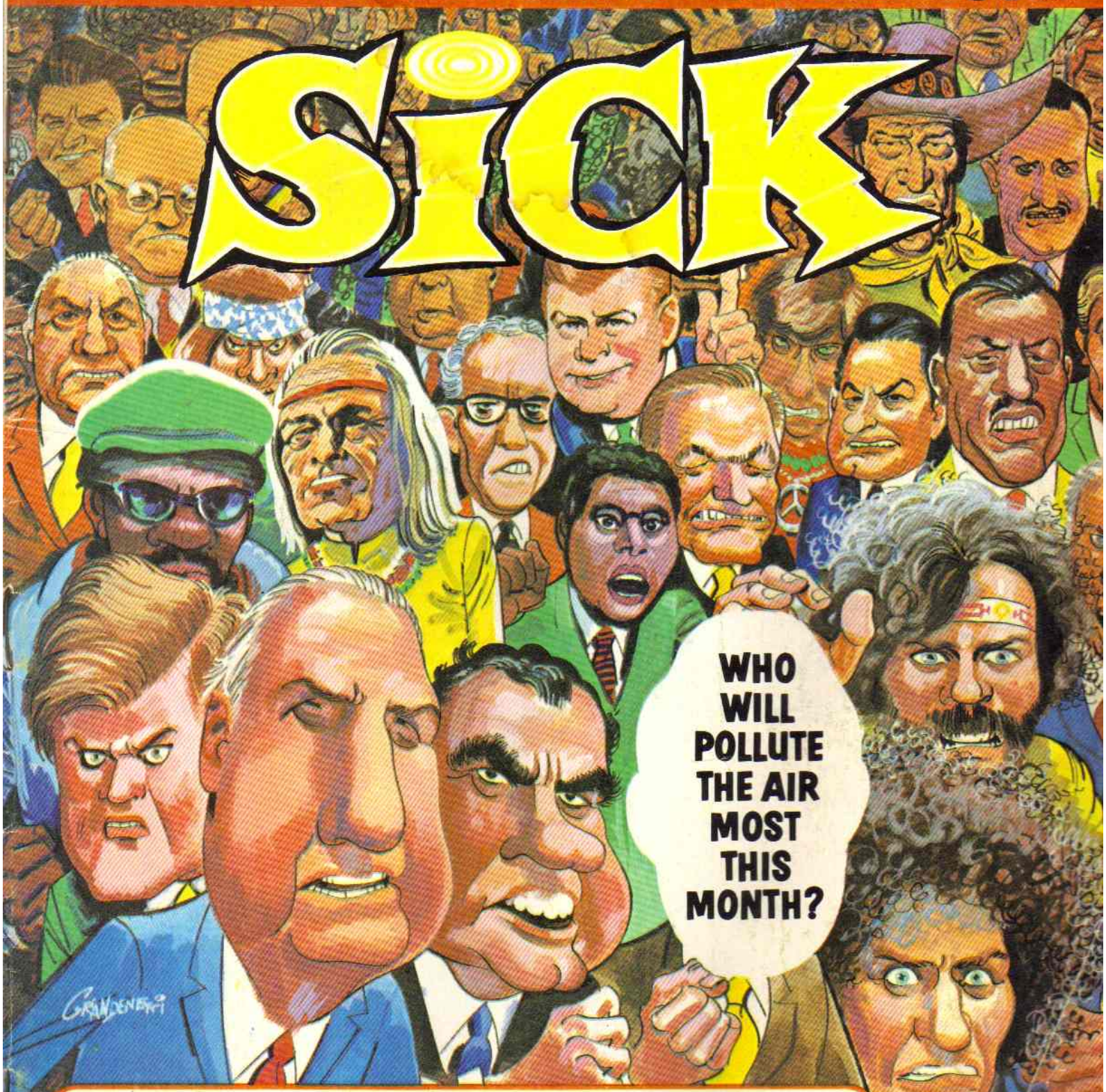
OCTOBER
No. 79

BAD BREATH ISSUE

35¢ MAC

SICK



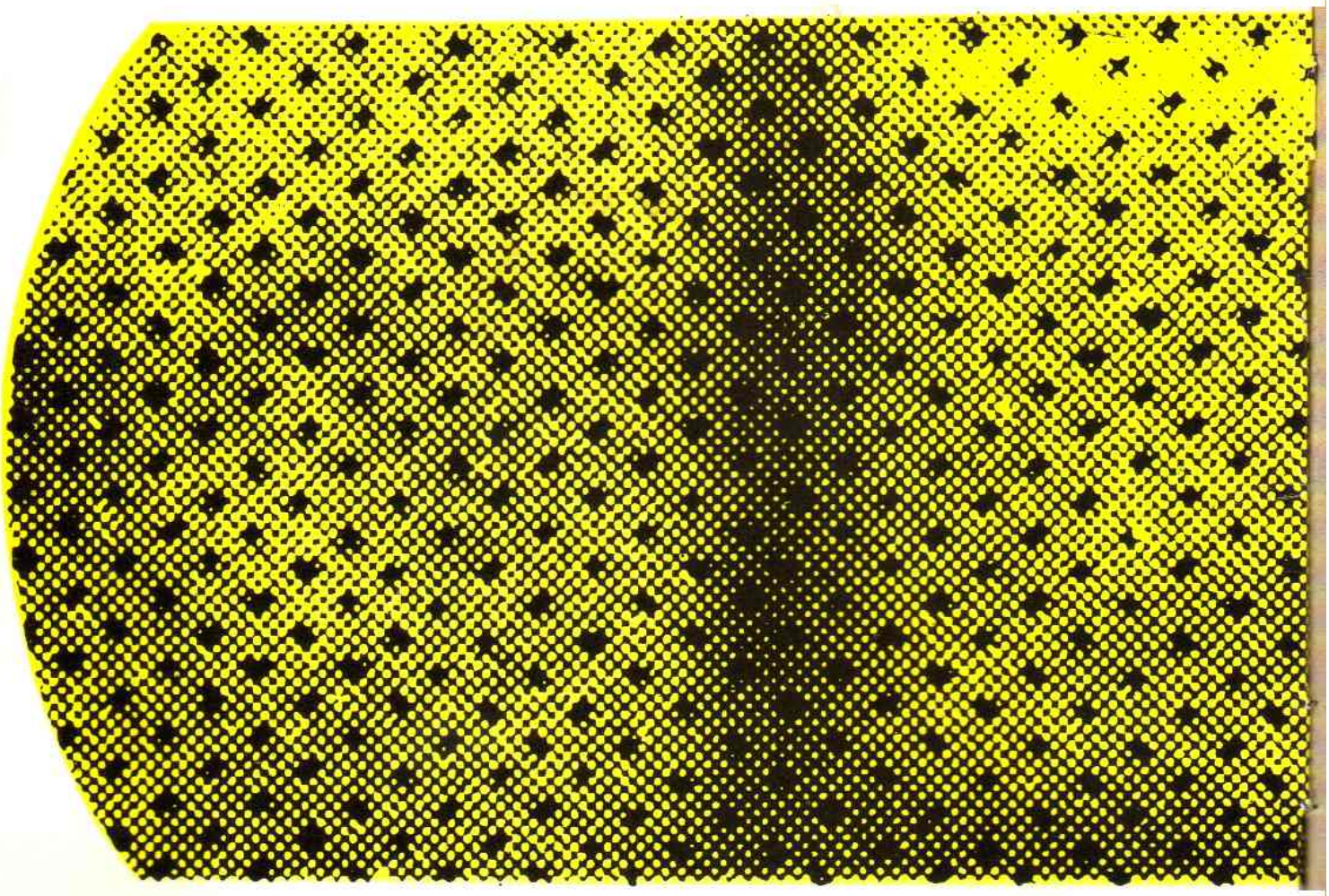
WORLD'S BIGGEST PUT-ON!

ADVERTISING BUGABOOS

NEW HIP COMPUTERS

...WITH A SELF-DESTRUCT BUTTON IN CASE THEY BECOME OBSOLETE

VIOLENT MOVIE:
A MAN NAMED SCHWARTZ



GREAT BIG PUT-ON!

SICK BAND-AID

(Wear it in good health)

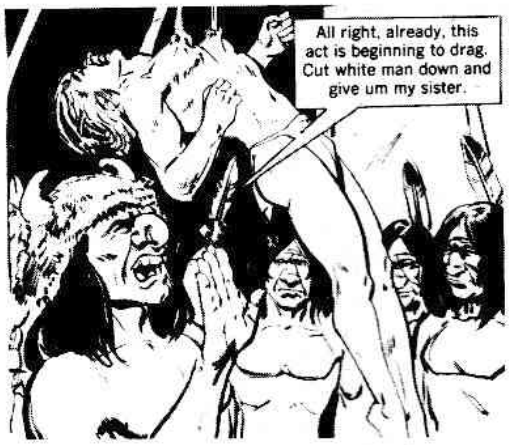
STOPS THE SPREAD OF POLLUTION!
At that next protest meeting or campus riot, paste it over your big mouth!

No. 79

October, 1970

SICK

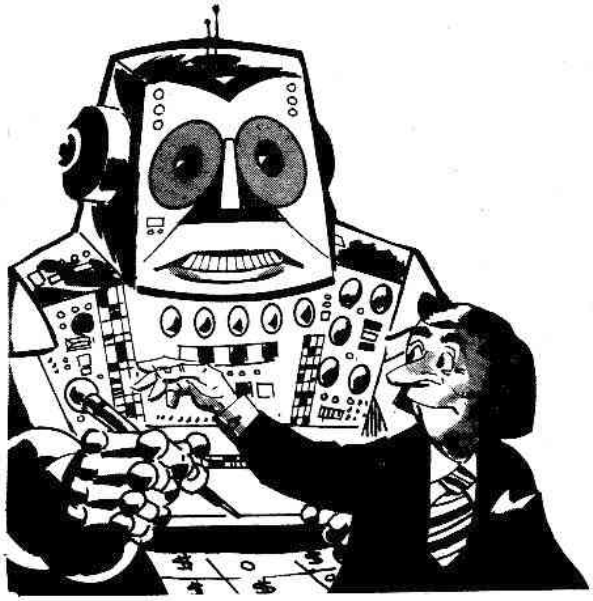
Volume 10. Number 7



Movie Review . . .

The Hard Hats . . .

Television . . .



You And The Computer . . .

Advertising Bugaboos . . .

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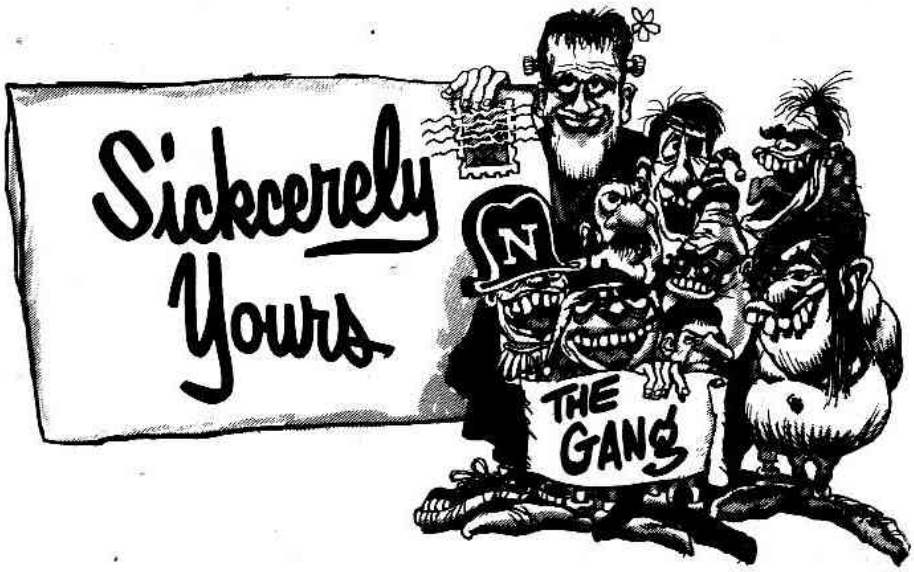


I would like to tell Monte H. Smythe of Boston that Abraham Lincoln appears on the 5 dollar bill and not George Washington, as shown in your illustration. But I'm just a stupid college grad who reads Sick. You guys put out a decent magazine. Keep up the good work.

I might as well jump in the middle of Andrew Fortin's (of Toronto) chest while I'm at it. What do you mean, *"we"?* You aren't doing anything. You probably haven't even been in the service. It is true that vulgarity is a sign of ignorance but are you a saint? And you just get this: "Yanks" are not the only people who swear. One more thing, what are you doing in Canada anyway? Dodging the draft?

PFC R.J. Owen
Vietnam

Ed: Would you believe that Andrew Fortin is a Colonel?

I love your magazine. To get right down to the point, do you have Irving Snoog? Is he a real person? I think he is cute. He is in the August issue. Please write back.

Susan Lahti
Bremerton, Washington

Ed: Here is Irving Snoog. Yechh!

Who does Ken Engdahl think he is, calling us Americans inferior babies! When he said Canada had faults, he sure was right. They don't have the intelligence to try to stop another world war. It kind of makes me think that Canada does not have the power to fight or just does not care who takes over their country. We Americans do care, and because we care we fight to keep our freedom. That is why we are in Vietnam fighting. We're trying to prevent the communists from taking over too many countries and becoming more and more powerful, because the more powerful they become the longer the wars will last and more men, women, and children will be killed. So when Canada is (easily) taken over by an undesirable government you will want to come to a country that is unafraid to fight for its freedom, a country you can really respect—AMERICA, THE LAND OF THE FREE.

Mike Zubler
Clearwater, Fla. AMERICA

Ed: Pack our dufflebags, Ken, we're leaving for Montreal!

Recently I was looking through some old magazines and found one of your little jewels. In this particular back-issue there was what might be called a satire. It might also be called trash. The name of this trash was "I Should Live So Long" by Adolph Hitler. (It's spelled Adolf.) How you can make fun of such a literary masterpiece as "Mein Kampf" is beyond me. This stupid article proved to me that its creator had never read Hitler's book. Hitler's brilliant usage of the power of words was replaced by a stupid and feeble attempt at satire.

Attacking the book was not enough. You had to attack Hitler himself. All those cute little remarks you made showed the malice with which you portray the prejudice your magazine represents. You may rest assured that you have lost me as a customer.

Robert W. Britton
Savannah, Me.

Ed: Listen, Adolf, if you're going to make a comeback you'll have to reorganize, baby... that magazine was five years old, and you just found it?!!

On the front cover of the August issue is a commemorative stamp that says "Disunited States of America." *"Dis"* means "not" or "is not" and no mag can tell me that America is not

united. I know you won't publish this in your mag but *think* before you degrade this great country of ours.

Keith Diller
Fort Wayne, Ind.

Ed: That's asking too much!

I think that Ken Engdahl is nuts! I had nothing against Canadians until this jerk started putting down american teenagers! We are not murderious nor are we babies! Also, the Boston Strangler was crazy to go around killing people. We are not teeny-boppers (most of us) and both countries of teens probably have the same amount of faults! I don't have a thing against any Canadians! (Exception of you-know-who.) This guy must have wanted a lot of attention to call all of us (American teens) names! Hooray for Wanda Ulko!

Richard Armstrong
Gainesville, Fla.

Ed: Hurray for Ed!

I think your magazine is truly fabulous but even though it seems cruel I think the article "Room Two Two Phew" in the August magazine was in very poor taste. It was the worst article you have ever written. I've been reading your magazine ever since it was published and I have

never sent a letter to you before, either good or bad, but my mind keeps on telling me I must write this. I am not prejudiced at all and I am truly horrified to find that you are. If you are going to publish this letter please sign it "SHOCKED" even though my real name and address is—

Shocked
New Rochelle, N.Y.

Ed: At first we didn't recognize the name.

I was disgusted with the article about the Beatles in the August edition (No. 77). The Beatles are very, very, very, EXCELLENT singers.

They wrote such hits as: "Let It Be", "I Want To Hold Your Hand", "She Loves You", "Come Together", and "Get Back". I used to like your magazine but I think it is stupid to write something bad about something good.

Roger Hunt and Cliff Hopper
Dallas, Texas

Ed: If it's stupid, you'll find it here.

In the November issue, (No. 71) of Sick Magazine, J.W. of Warren, Arkansas, defended the hippies. In saying that the Vietnam war is useless, he is purely wrong.

As long as men lay their lives on the line to stop Communism and protect our democracy we should support them 100%.

A hippie is an excuse to respect and gratify our American heritage. I am 18.

Thomas J. McCreanor
Cincinnati, Ohio

Ed: Happy birthday.

First, I should start by saying what a great magazine you have. Second, I would like a service man to write to me.

A man in the United States Navy wrote a letter in the June issue (No. 68) about hippies. His name and address were withheld. I would like to give him my opinion. Would you please send him my address.

Barbara Watson
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Ed: You send it to us, we'll send it to him.

I am planning a prison break via the shovel-out route. Any trip tips?

Hemmed In

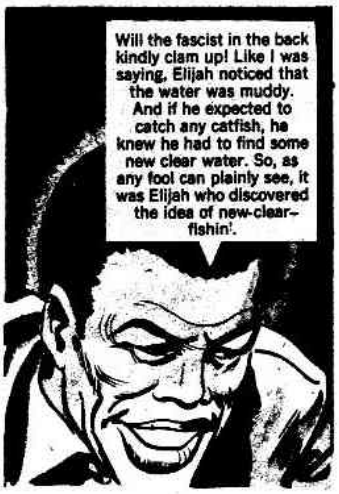
Ed: Just carry sandwiches and two changes of underwear. Also, make sure you have a map and compass so you won't get in the same bind that Lance McMac was in. Lance began digging in January out of his Sing Sing cell and under the prison. He kept digging, industrious chap that he is, and overshot his mark. When he surfaced he found out that he had come up right in the middle of Death Row at Maryland State Prison. He was fit to be tied, which is exactly what they did to him.

Since when has *Sick* been qualified to write advice. Certainly you do not feel as competent to heal and console the wounded and forlorn as someone like Ann Landers. Stick to your sickness, *Sick,* and leave the cure to more capable hands.

Mrs. J.J. Allen
Executive Oaks, L.I.

Ed: Watch it, toots. I AM Ann Landers.

In your August issue, you printed a story "Room Two Two Phew". (*Ed: We know that!*). I found two faults with it: (*Ed: Uh-oh. Here we go again*). 1- You downgraded the white people (*Ed: Surprise!*). I am not saying to downgrade the black people because they are humans too (*Ed: So far, so good*), but why print a story like that, especially when the U.S. is having troubles with mutual relationship between black and white?



2- The joke in the story, "new-clear-fishin'" was great, but as I mentioned before, don't get prejudiced.

J.W.
Augustus, Ga.

Ed: You liked one joke in the whole story? Seems hardly worthwhile.

This cartoon will say "hello" to my Sick friends North of the border.

A.J. Espinosa
Yucatan, Mexico

Having read your article, "Sleazy Rider" and those comments by some of Sick's readers, I find that some young people don't see the jest in your satire (*Ed: You can say that again!*) and take things too seriously. I did see the movie and agree with you that it was:

Three hours shot
Without a plot
Just riding bikes
And smoking pot.

The critics rave,
Won't say it's bad.
Like sheep you pay,
You've all been had.

Bruce Giersch
U.S.M.C.

Ed: Forget the picture, Bruce. Tell us again how bad our satire is.

TOMORROW'S RAGS

SICK FASHION FORECAST

"Hi there, readers. It sure is a big thrill for me to be asked to do this here article. Being the world's greatest expert on fashions, I'm going to give you my ideas of what people will be wearing in the years to come.

We have gone to the expense of obtaining the services of Shirley Schlock—the world's best dressed teenager, for this special article. The above photo was taken as she prepared to leave for the Junior Prom.

"**High-heeled sneakers** should start becoming popular by 1972. Although they're already on the drawing board, it'll take a while for the public to accept this revolutionary idea. The type pictured above, will be worn mostly at formal basketball games."

"By 1975, **haircuts** should be completely out of style. The cut pictured above will be considered conservative. Not only will it be virtually impossible to tell the boys from the girls, but it'll also be difficult to tell the front from the back."

"For those who want to occasionally take a look at what's going on in the world, there'll be **Yul Brynner wigs.** There'll be talk of persons actually getting haircuts, but such people will be considered fanatics."

"The 'Pepsi Generation' will have their say, when it comes to hats. The rage of the 1980's will be the bottle-cap cap. This craze will most likely be followed by the 'flip-top cap' craze."

"Noses will be 'out' by 1990. Anyone with a nose will be a social outcast. Since the common cold will have been cured long before this time, people will have their noses bobbed to the point of no points at a very early age. Anyone unlucky enough to get a head cold, will probably end up blowing his brains out."

"Due to the increase in the sales of carbonated beverages, nuts, chocolate, and other sweets, **blemishes** will be 'in', by the turn of the century."

"With all of today's juvenile delinquents being released from prison around the late 1970's, **prison-striped clothes** will be a big smash. The cheapest way to get a new Spring wardrobe, will be to get arrested."

"By the year 2005, the world of fashion will make a dramatic turn, from bad to worse. 2005, will see the start of a hundred-year reign of **The Martian Look.** Antennae, and green scales, will be 'in'. This should come as a big relief to the members of Sick's staff, because most of them already look like that."

Art by Jack Sparling Script by Guy Thomas

A few seasons ago, television was blessed with a funny situation comedy. However, the show with the original cast went off the air. The Producers, not wanting to lose a good thing, replaced a few stars here and there; a title was changed to protect the guilty, and unfortunately the show died, buried with small town squares, and corny dialogue.

MAYBERRY R.I.P.

(REST IN PEACE)

SCENE-Emmet's Fix-It Shop. Howard and Sam are playing checkers. Goober is reading a comic book. Emmet is fixing an old time coffee grinder.

How's the farm, Sam?

Got the milk crop in yesterday.

Ya don't **plant** milk, Sam. It comes from a cow. I know cause I read it in an encyclopedia.

No wonder I couldn't get any corn from the cow! Would you mind if I borrowed that book of yours? How big are the words?

Don't worry, you can always get Goober to read it to ya.

Why don't you odd balls go somewhere else to prove your stupidity?

Emmet Had A Fight With His Wife.

Maybe I **did** have a fight with my wife, but at least I'm **married.** How does it look, a normal person like me hangin' 'round with three unmarried Weirdos?

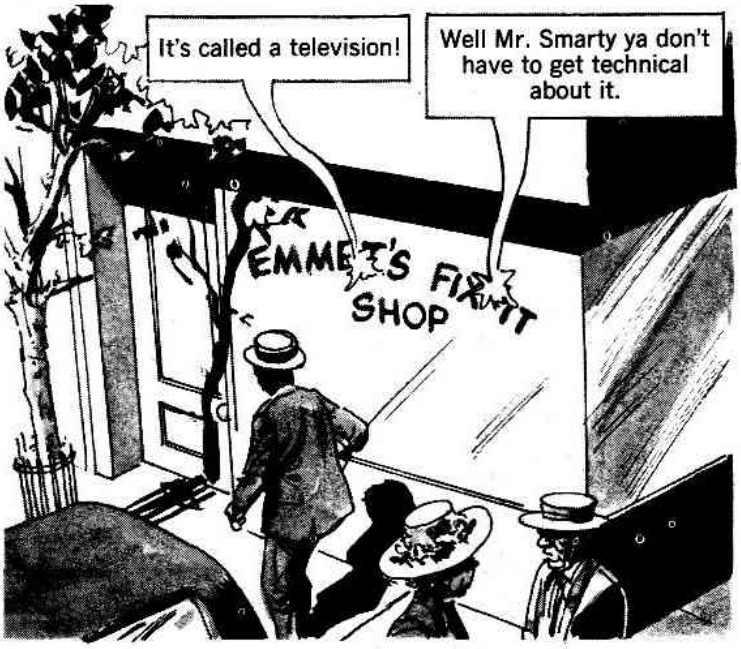
WHAT WEIRDOS? You're always hangin' around with **us!**

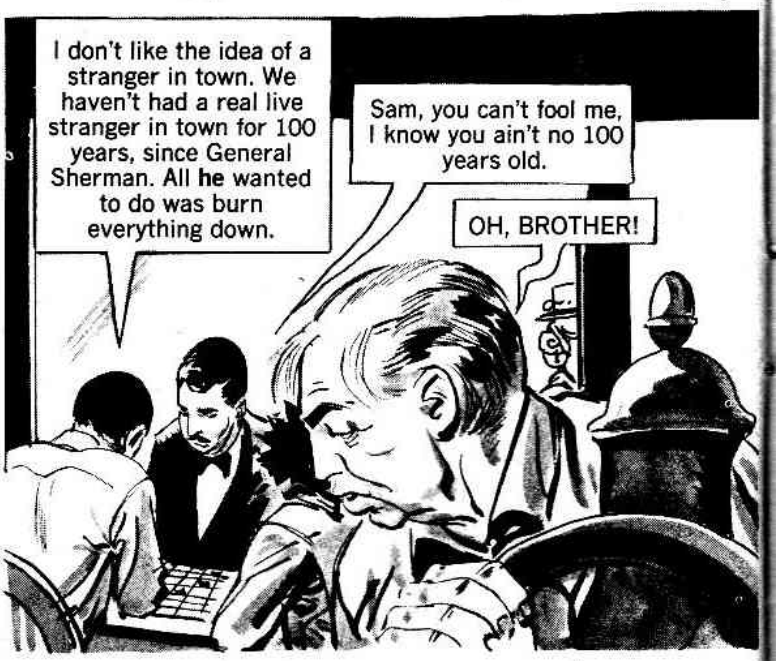
I hear there's a stranger in town. Big business man.

I heard the stranger was a salesman.

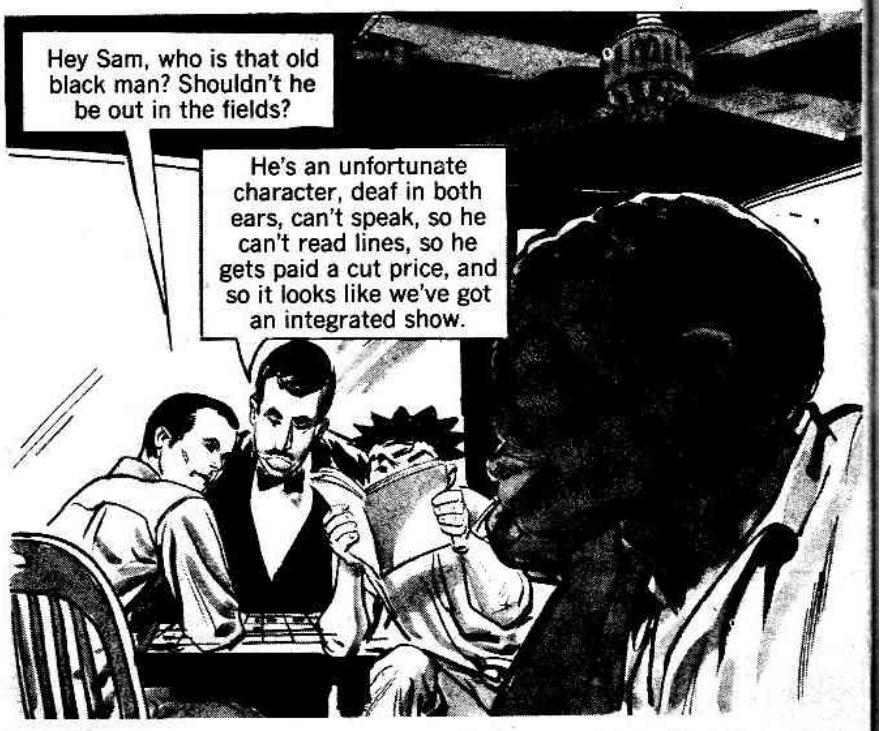
You're both wrong, he's a surf bum, plannin' on disruptin' our youth, disturbin' the deathlike peace in this town, and fillin' our women's heads with way out fancies!

What's a surf bum doin' 500 miles from the water?
How should I know? Maybe he's a surf bum in dry dock!
You sure are a CARD Howard! You ought to go on one of dem picture shows in the little box.

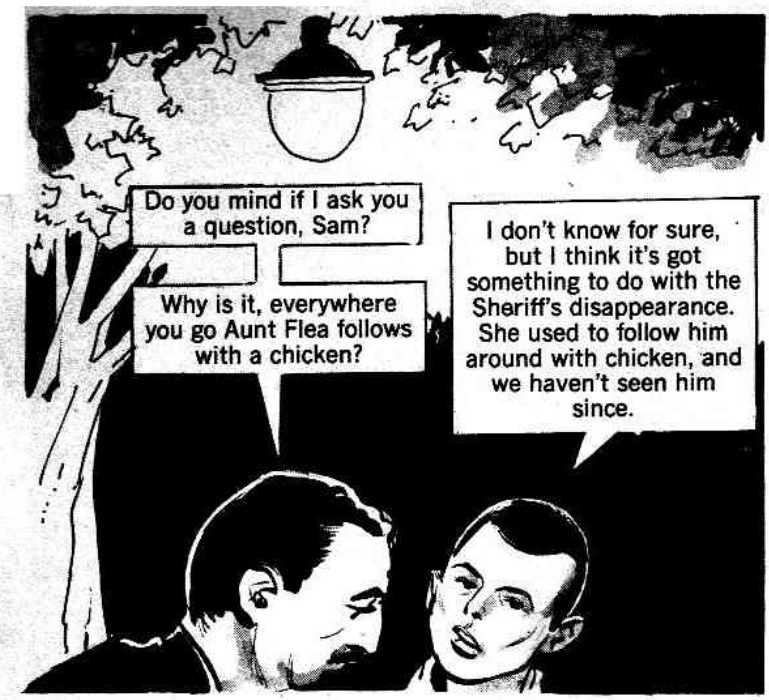

It's called a television!
Well Mr. Smarty ya don't have to get technical about it.
EMMET'S FIX-IT SHOP

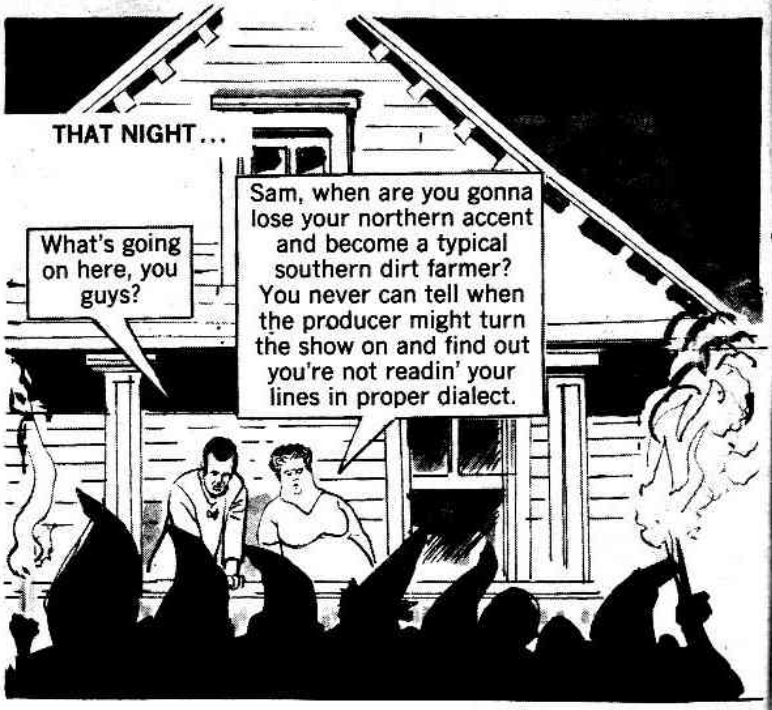

I don't like the idea of a stranger in town. We haven't had a real live stranger in town for 100 years, since General Sherman. All he wanted to do was burn everything down.
Sam, you can't fool me, I know you ain't no 100 years old.
OH, BROTHER!

My grandmother told me about it.
See, I ain't as dumb as I really am.

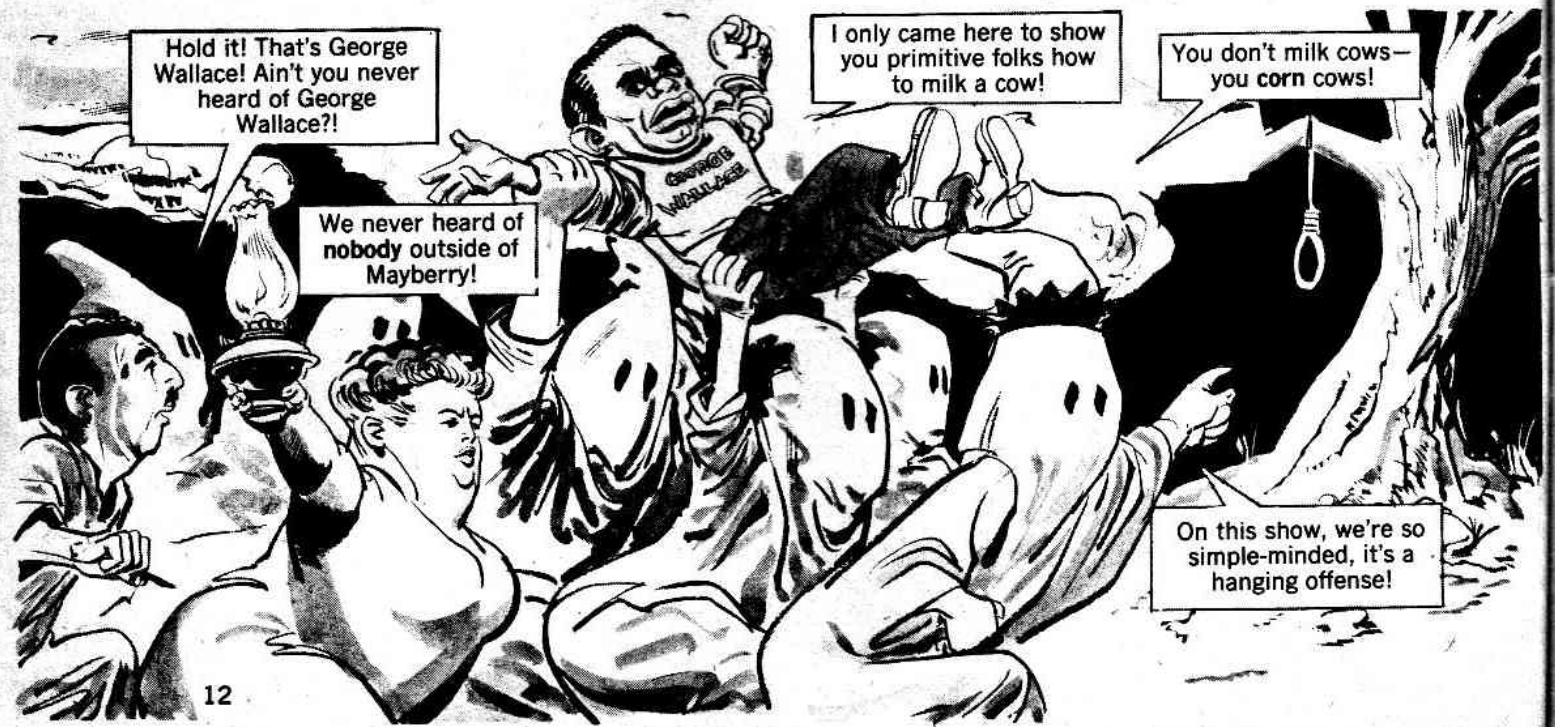

Hey Sam, who is that old black man? Shouldn't he be out in the fields?
He's an unfortunate character, deaf in both ears, can't speak, so he can't read lines, so he gets paid a cut price, and so it looks like we've got an integrated show.

HOWDY, AUNT FLEA, is that a chicken?
Can I have some, AUNT FLEA?
How's the farm, Aunt Flea?
Well Sam, the cow wouldn't give any corn this mornin'.
Before I forget, I better tell ya not to expect any Corn from the cow anymore.
Why? Is it a BULL?
A cow is supposed to give milk.
Then why didn't they put that in the script?
Do they expect us Actors to know everything!


Do you mind if I ask you a question, Sam?
Why is it, everywhere you go Aunt Flea follows with a chicken?
I don't know for sure, but I think it's got something to do with the Sheriff's disappearance. She used to follow him around with chicken, and we haven't seen him since.


THAT NIGHT...
What's going on here, you guys?
Sam, when are you gonna lose your northern accent and become a typical southern dirt farmer? You never can tell when the producer might turn the show on and find out you're not readin' your lines in proper dialect.

WHAT IN TARNATION IS GOIN' ON HERE! DAG GUMMIT!
THAT STRANGER IS STIRRIN' UP TROUBLE.
WE THINK HE'S A REPUBLICAN!
Well, I reckon we got a right to protect the minds of our younguns from imperialistic minded Republicans! CHARGE!


Hold it! That's George Wallace! Ain't you never heard of George Wallace?!
We never heard of nobody outside of Mayberry!
I only came here to show you primitive folks how to milk a cow!
You don't milk cows— you corn cows!
On this show, we're so simple-minded, it's a hanging offense!

Everyman's Guide to The COMPUTER

Script by Anton F. Gross Art by George Roussos

"If an infinite number of computers were locked in a room with an infinite number of typewriters for an infinite amount of time, they would type all the works of Shakespeare, thereby duplicating the efforts of an infinite number of monkeys."

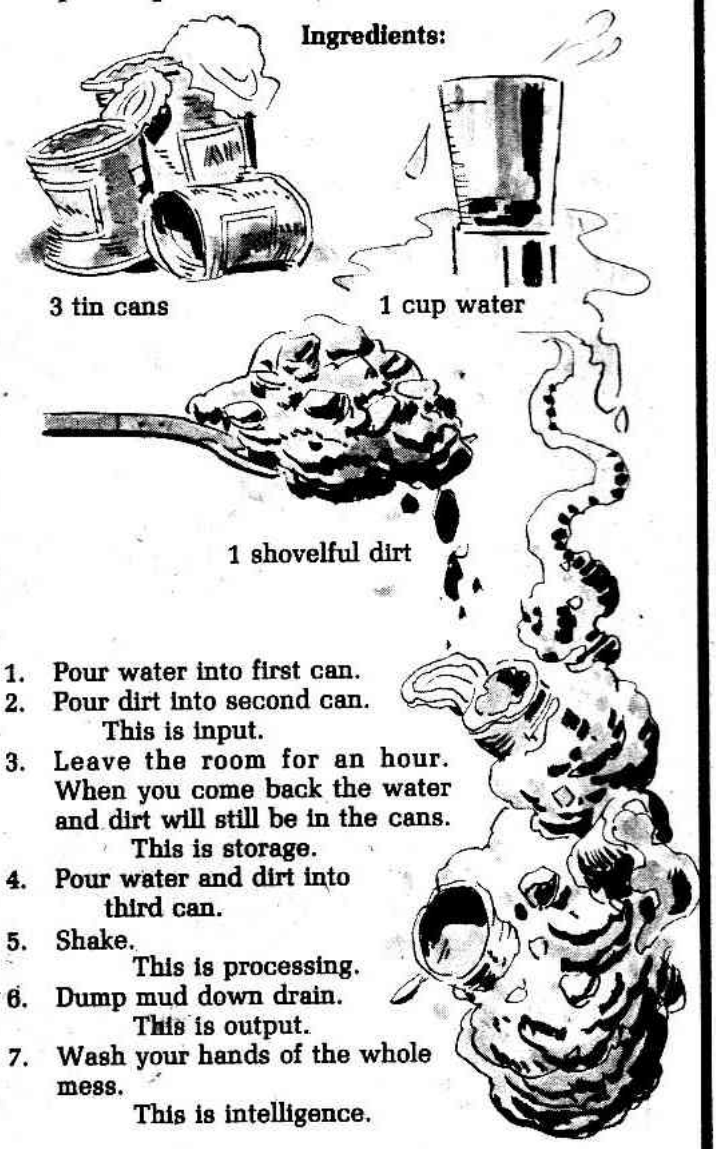
—Charlie Babbage

WHAT DOES A COMPUTER?

A computer does only four basic things—input, storage, processing, and output. It is a good thing it does not do more. Think how expensive it would be then!

You can simulate the four operations of a computer in your own home by following the simple steps outlined below.

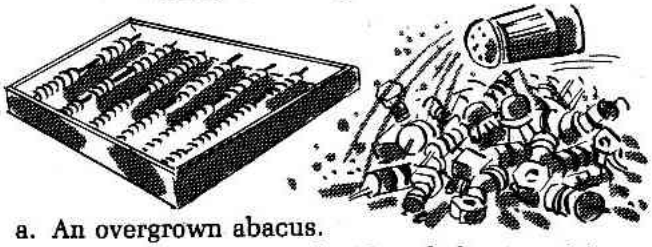
Ingredients:



1. Pour water into first can.
2. Pour dirt into second can.
   This is input.
3. Leave the room for an hour. When you come back the water and dirt will still be in the cans.
   This is storage.
4. Pour water and dirt into third can.
5. Shake.
   This is processing.
6. Dump mud down drain.
   This is output.
7. Wash your hands of the whole mess.
   This is intelligence.

Test your Computer I.Q. Save $10,000 a month for each correct answer.

What is a Computer?



a. An overgrown abacus.

b. Nuts, bolts, transisters and a little salt.

d. Expensive.

c. A blithering idiot.

e. all of the above.

Computer I.Q. test continued.

Q: Do computers think?

A: No, but they think they do.

Q: Do computers ever make mistakes?

A: No. People make mistakes by relying on computers.

Q: Can computers invade my privacy?

A: Not if you keep it plugged up.

What types of companies benefit most from computers?

a. Companies that run programming schools.
b. Companies that repair computers.
c. Companies that publish computer news magazines.
d. Companies that run computer conferences.
e. Companies that make aspirin.

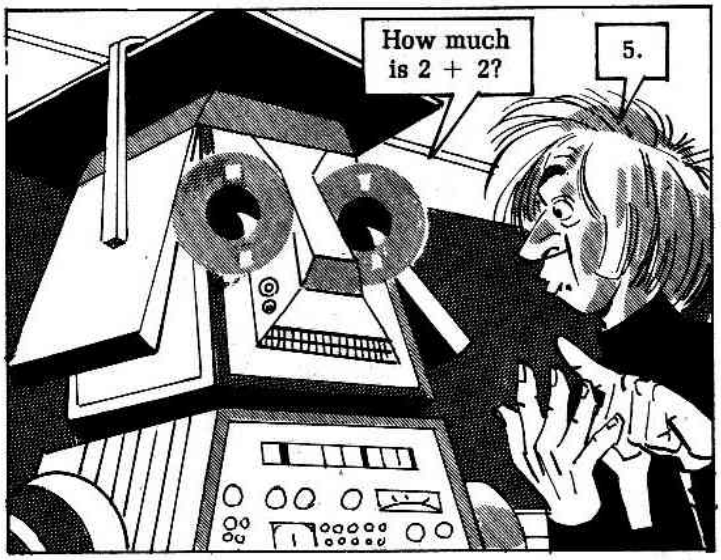
Why do most companies get a computer?

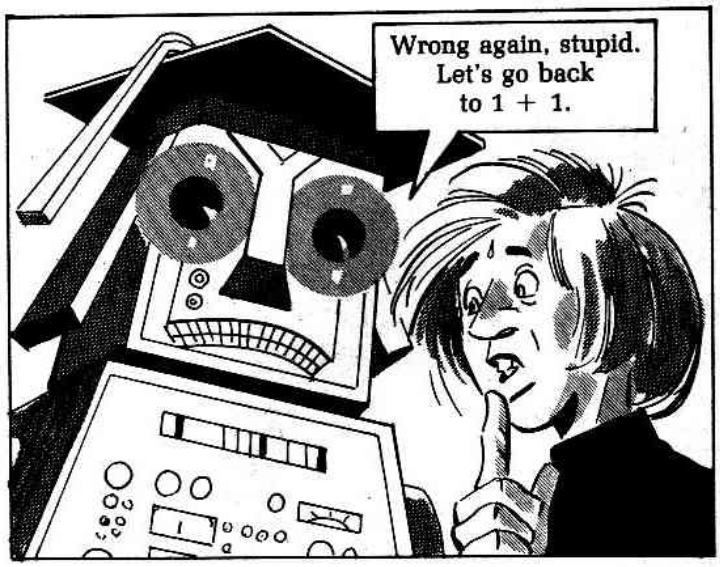
a. Because competition has one.
b. Because pre-tax earnings are too high.
c. Because computer operators wear miniskirts.
d. Because they couldn't get a tenant for the old boiler room.
e. Because IBM needs the money.

COMPUTERIZED TEACHING

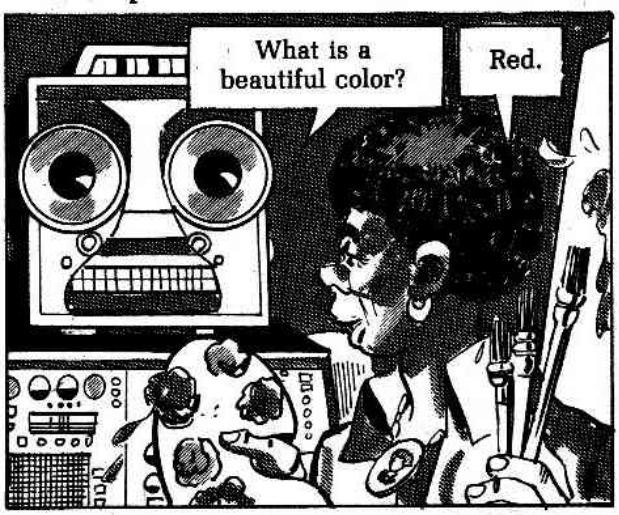
Computers are excellent teachers. They never get tired, angry, or impatient. They will teach anything you tell them to. Also they do not go out on strike.

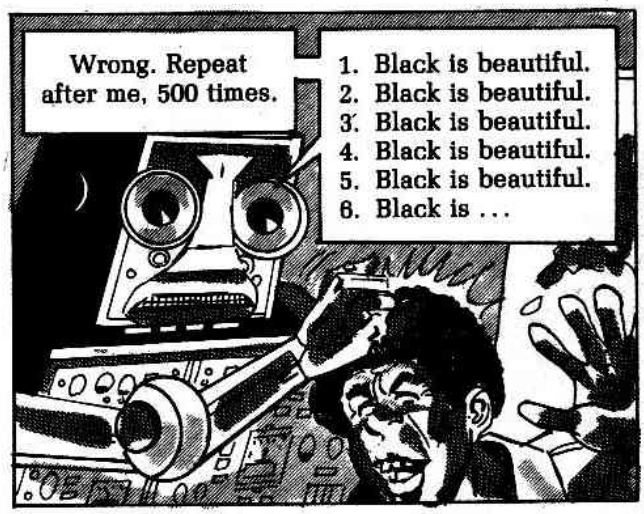
Computers can teach arithmetic:





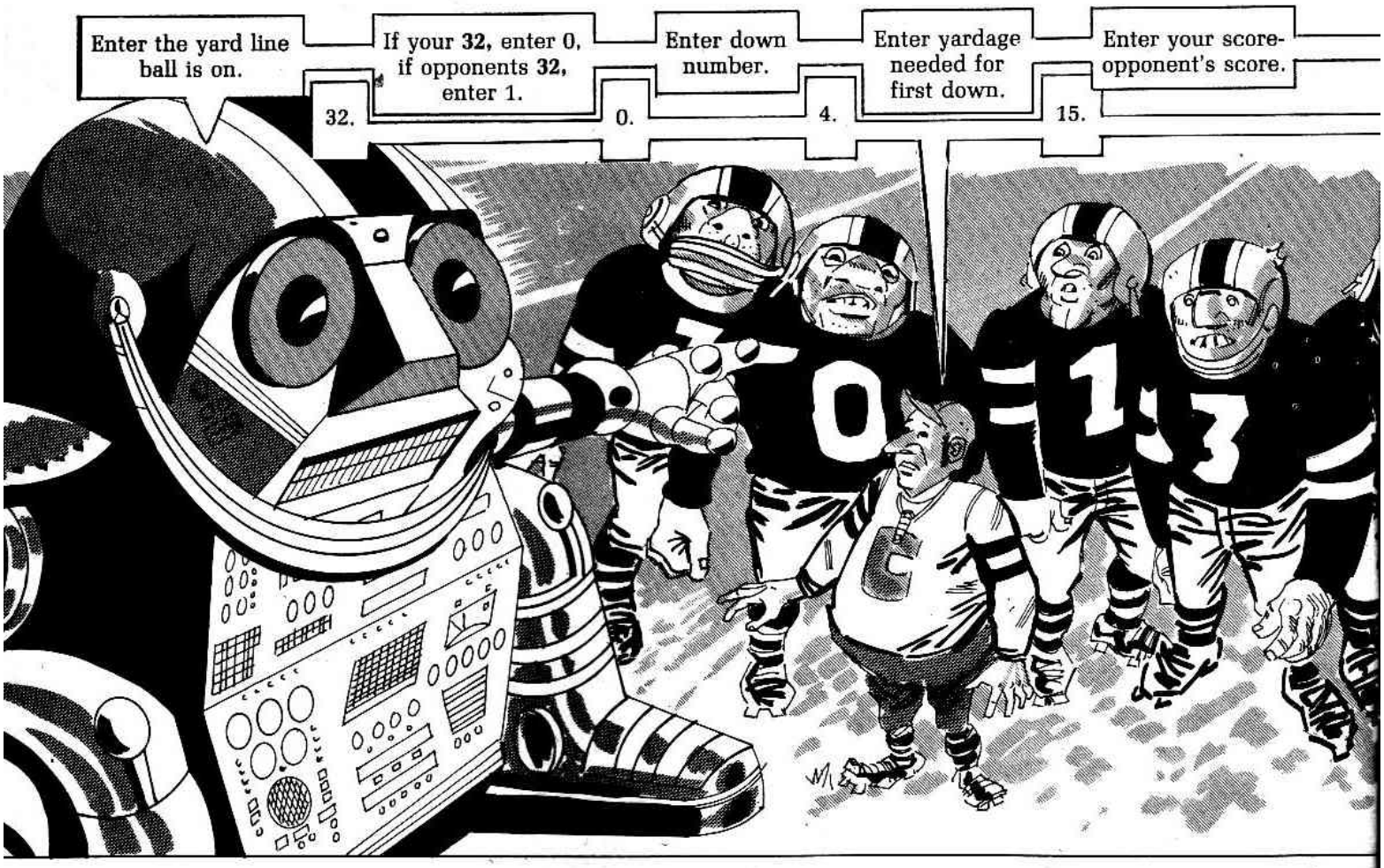
Computers can teach art:





COMPUTERS CAN BE USED IN PROFESSIONAL SPORTS

To make vital split second decisions



GOLF

Computer: You are on the first tee of the burning desire golf club. Distance 427 yards. Par 4. What club do you choose?

You: 1 wood.

Computer: You sliced it out of bounds. 1 stroke penalty. You are still on the tee lying 2. What club do you choose?

You: 1 wood.

Computer: Good shot. 224 yards on right side of fairway. You are 203 yards from the green. lying 3. What club do you choose?

You: 3 wood.

Computer: You topped it. You are still in fairway, 169 yards from the green, lying 4. What club do you choose?

You: 5 iron.

Computer: You hooked it into the lake, 1 stroke penalty. Drop ball. You are 24 yards from the green, lying 6. What club do you choose?

You: Wedge.

Computer: What?

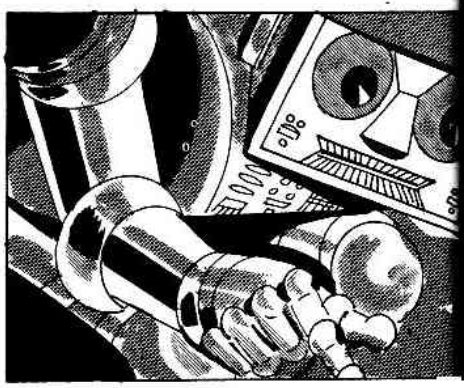
You: My wedge.

Computer: What?

You: My 10 iron?

Computer: What?

You: (sigh) My 9 iron.

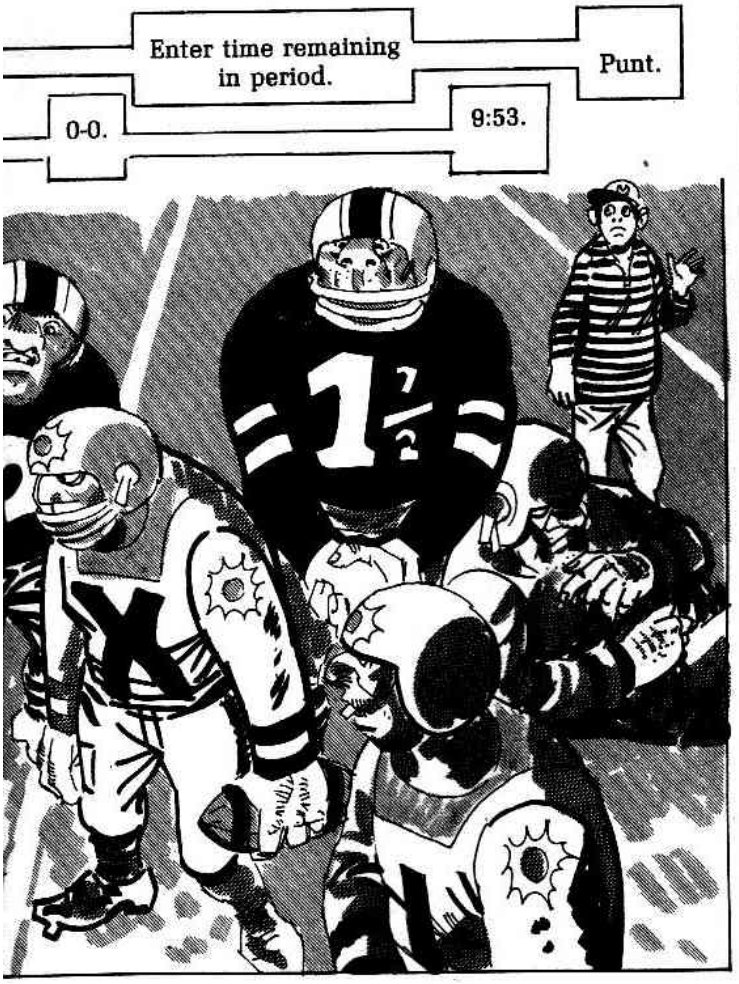


Computer: You overshot the green. You are 24 yards past the green lying 7. What club do you choose?

You: 3 wood.*

Computer: You topped it. This is your second lousy shot with a 3 wood on this hole. You are on the green 43 feet from hole, lying 8. How hard do you want to putt. (1 is easy-10 is hard).

You: 10.



Computer: You are 1 feet past the hole lying 10. How hard do you want to putt? (1 is easy-10 is hard).

You: 1.

Computer: Good putt. You S*U*N*K it from 1 feet away. Your score on this hole is 11.

You: Tennis, anyone?

Computer: What?

*Editor's Note—Excellent choice!

GAMES

Computers can be programmed to play games. They are not very inventive in their play but they will sit quietly while you think, won't blow smoke in your face, and never overlook an abvious move. Unfortunately, they insist on their own rules.

TIC-TAC-TOE

This is a game of three dimensional tic-tac-toe. You will play the O's, I will play the X's. The playing area is 4x4x4. The top layer is layer 1, the upper row is row 1, the left hand column is column 1. When you want to make a move enter the layer you want, then a comma, then the row you want, then a comma, then the column you want. For example, 3,2,1 represents the third layer, second row, first column. Precede your entry with a minus sign (-) if you want me to print the status of the board after your move. Precede your entry with a plus sign (+) if you want me to print the status of the board after my move. Precede your entry with a dollar sign ($) if you want me to print the status of the board after your move and after my move. Precede your entry with a cents sign (¢) if you do not wish the status of the board to be printed at all.

If you wish to go first enter a zero (0). If you wish me to go first enter a one (1).

BIG BUSINESS

Possibly the most valuable application of the computer is an aid to American business. No longer does the Board of Directors have to wait for a desired report.

Computer: Enter number of desired report.

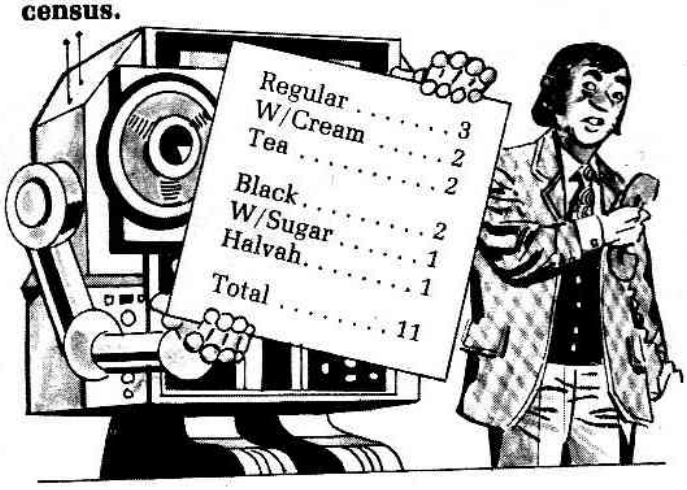
Computer: Report #179

Daily Variance on Usage of Butter Pats in Company Cafeteria

	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Fri
Daily Avg	21,252	21,703	20,988	21,304	22
Record High	25,711	24,069	23,922	22,000	
Record Low	17,794	19,000			
Summer Avg	20,000				
Winter					

Chairman of the Board: Mavbe I wanted report 197?

Computers can summarize divergent opinions and develop a management concensus.



Regular wins. Order 11 regular from Max's Deli.

CREDIT CARDS

The application of computers has made possible the rapid growth in the use of credit cards throughout the economy.

May 1, 1971

Wonder-Kard Statement

J.R. Fleagle Card #432088G31-AL51112906

Date of Purchase	Item	Am't Due	Total Due
13 April	3 cases Garlic Pretzels @ 14.95	$44.85	$44.85

If your payment is in the mail please disregard this statement.

May 3, 1971

President
Wonder-Kard Inc.
New York, New York

Dear sir:

I have never eaten, much less purchased, a garlic pretzel. Furthermore, I do not even own a Wonder-Kard.

J.R. Fleagle

June 1, 1971

Wonder-Kard Statement

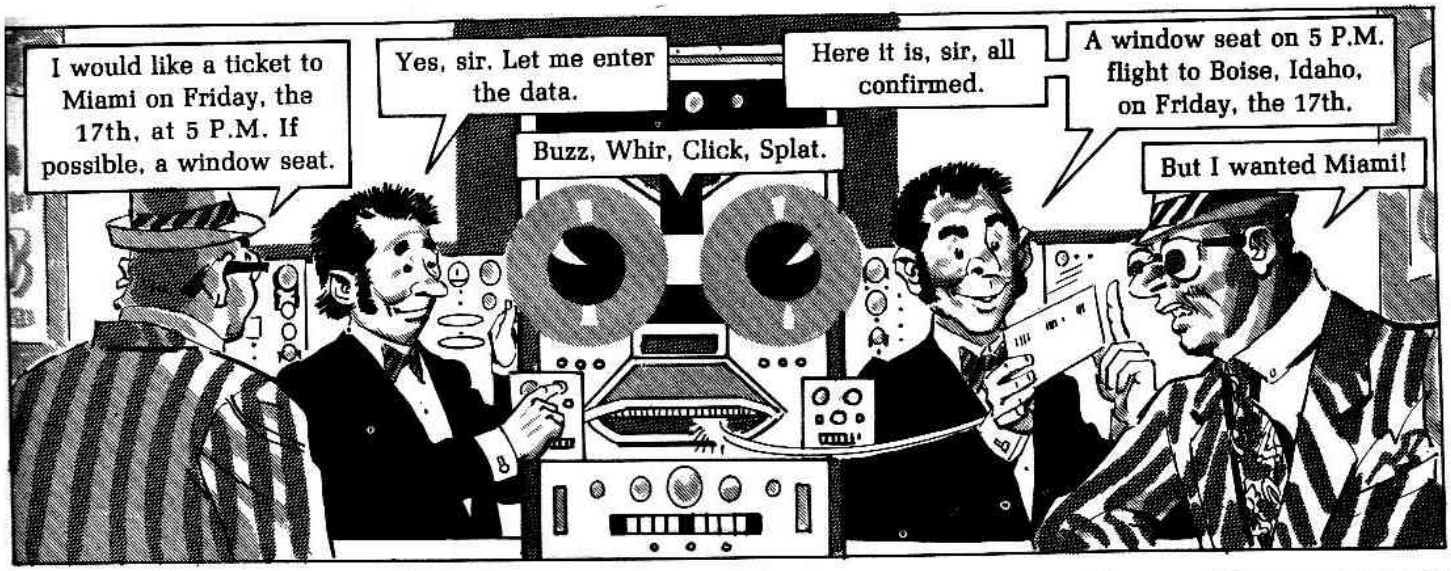
J.R. Fleagle Card #432088G31-AL51112906

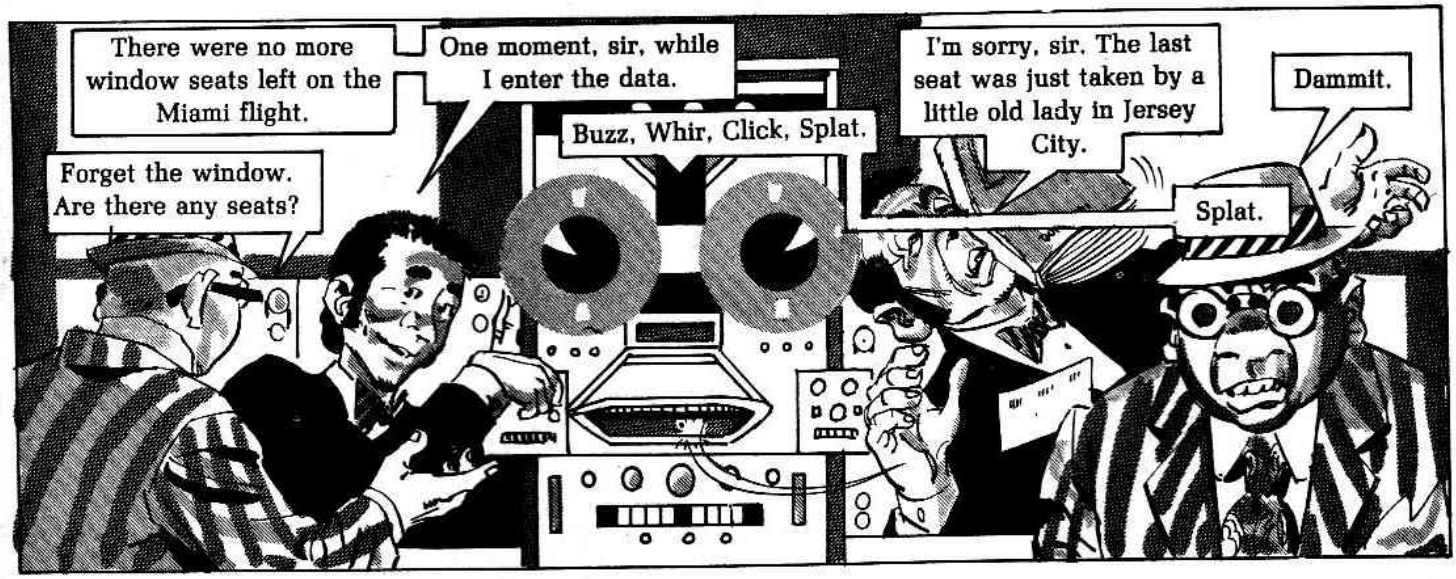
Date of Purchase	Item	Am't Due	Interest	Total Due
13 April	3 cases Garlic Pretzels @ 14.95	$44.85	$2.31	$47.16

If your payment is in the mail please disregard this statement.

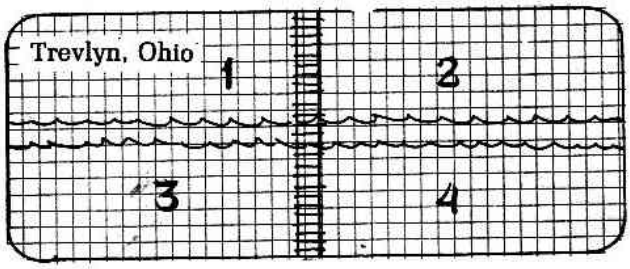
RESERVATIONS

The use of computers can greatly speed up the obtaining of hotel rooms, theatre tickets, airline reservations, etc.

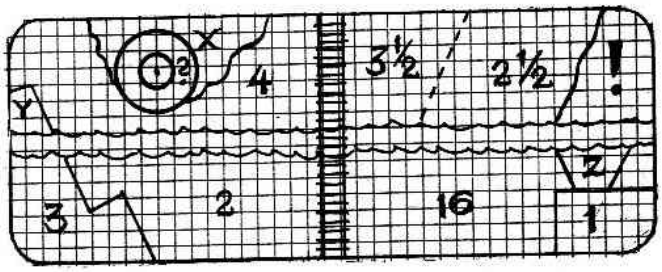




Politicians have found the computer to be of unquestioned benefit in permitting them to realign voting districts in order to comply with the Supreme Court's one man one vote decision. (Also useful for school busing plans and zoning ordinances.)

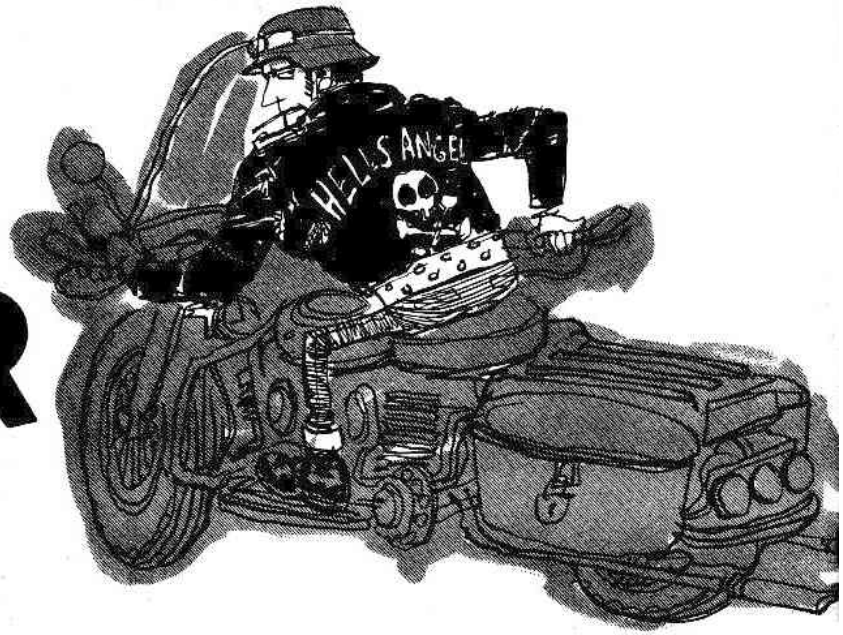


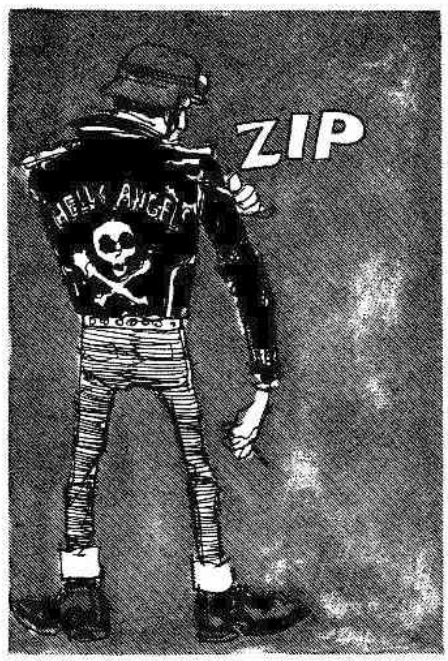
Old fashioned, unimaginative districting.

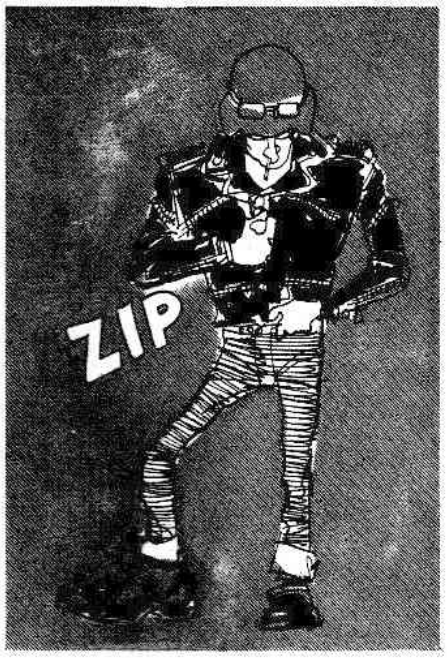


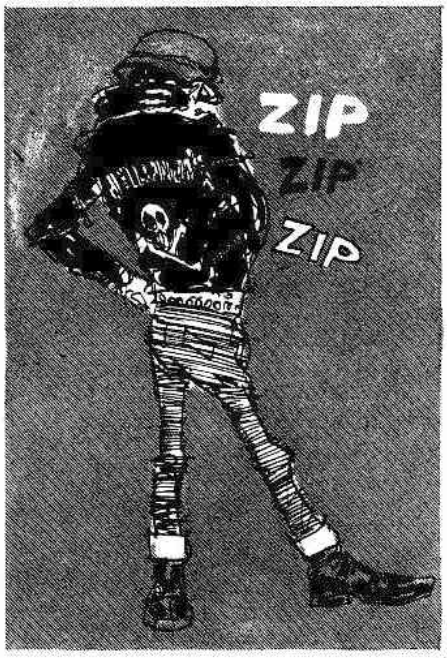
Modern, imaginative, computer aided districting.

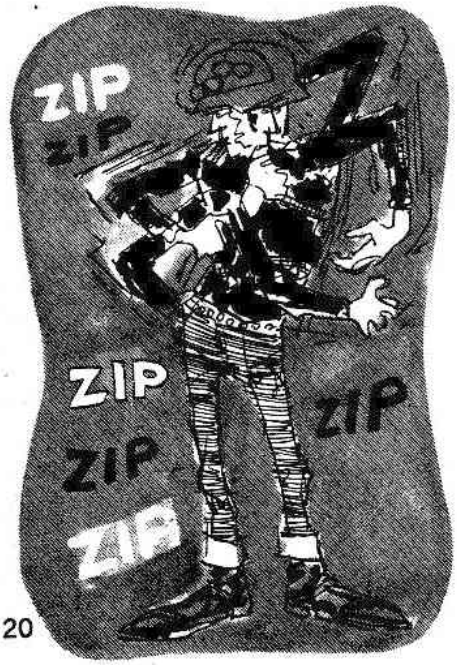
THE LEATHER JACKET

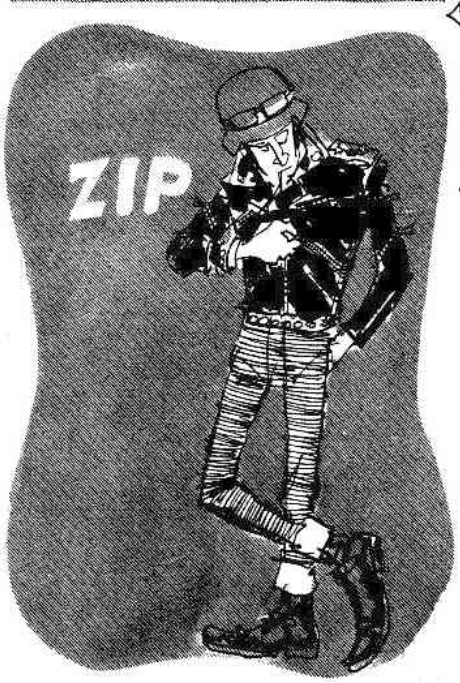


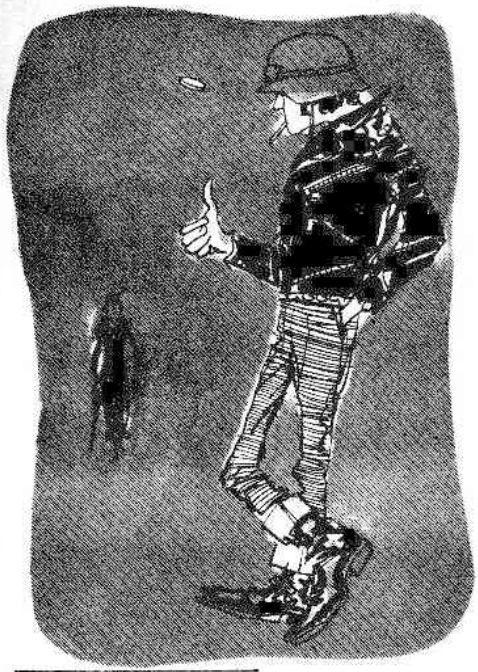




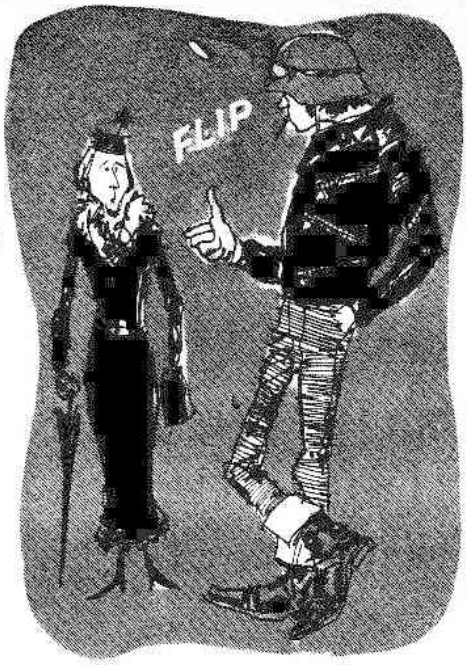


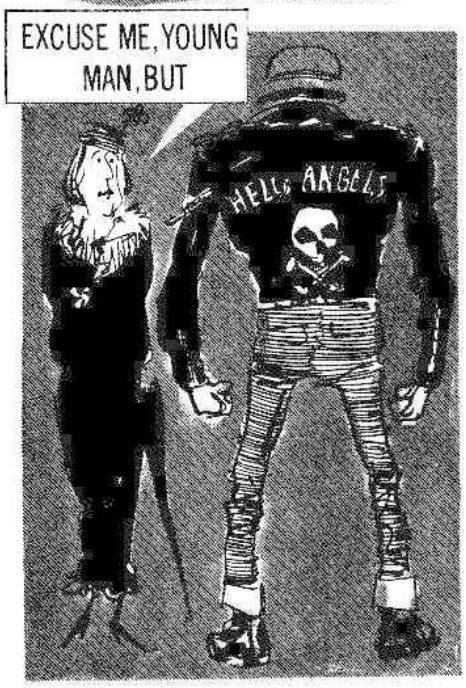


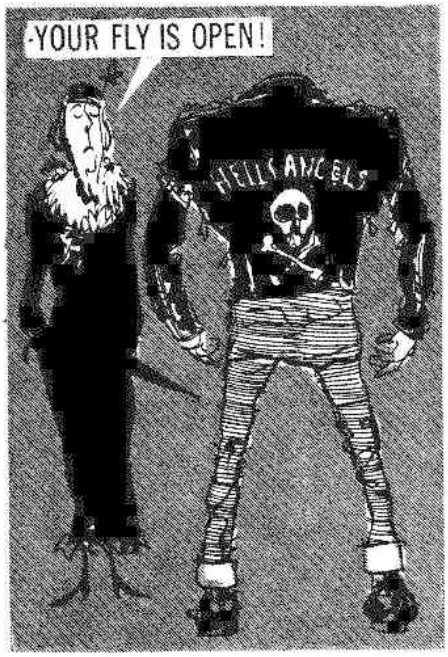


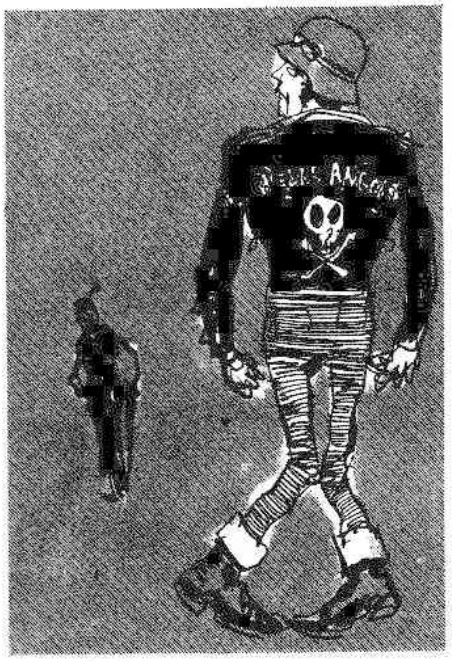


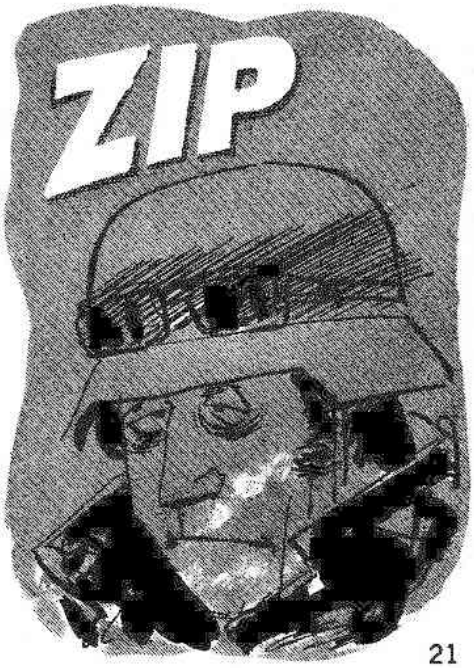
ZIP


FLIP


EXCUSE ME, YOUNG MAN, BUT
HELLS ANGELS


YOUR FLY IS OPEN!
HELLS ANGELS



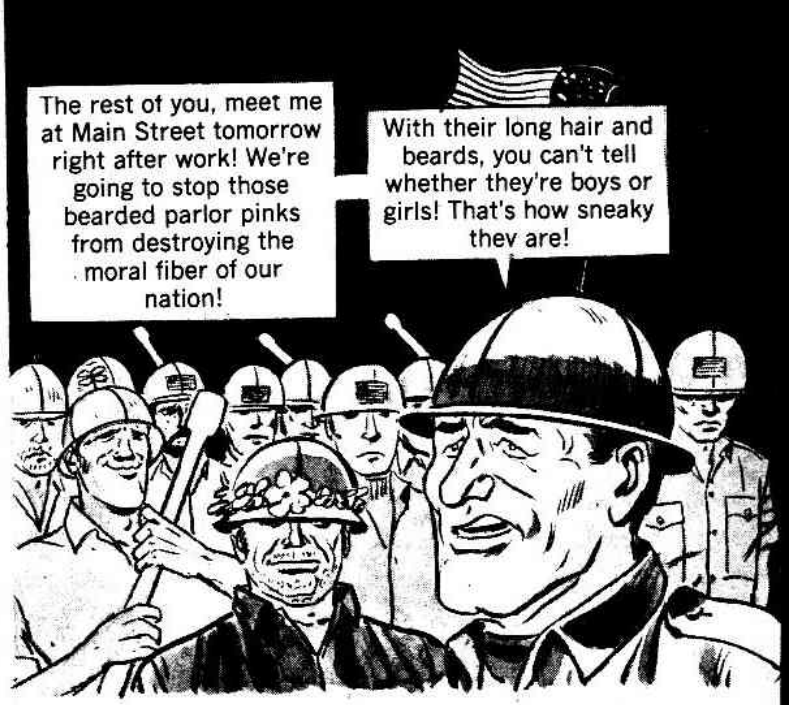

ZIP

Former cowboy star John Wayne has always been a strong force for what's right in the world ...far right. When public support for the Viet Nam War was waning, Mr. Wayne starred in a movie entitled "The Green Berets"! Now, with so much domestic trouble cropping up, we have a strong suspicion that Mr. Wayne's next movie will be...

THE HARD HATS

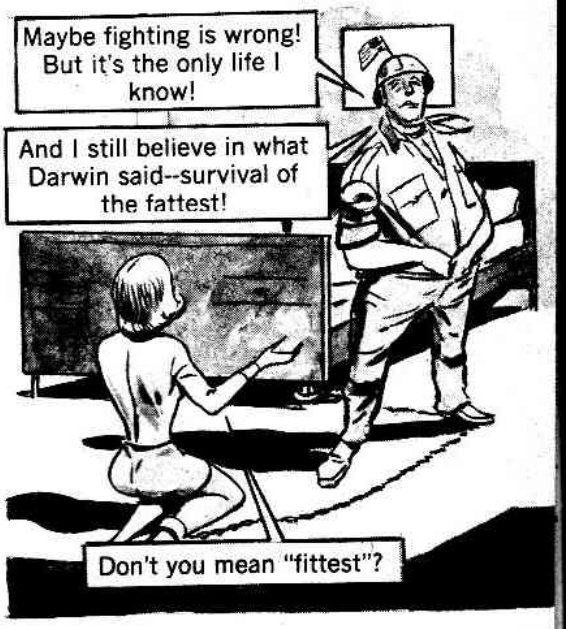
Scene: A construction shack. As a heart-warming theme song plays in the background, a group of construction workers discuss the world situation...

No they won't! Wear these flowers on your construction helmet! It's the perfect disguise!


The rest of you, meet me at Main Street tomorrow right after work! We're going to stop those bearded parlor pinks from destroying the moral fiber of our nation!
With their long hair and beards, you can't tell whether they're boys or girls! That's how sneaky they are!

Now, for a bit of domestic drama, we join Mr. Hard-hat at his home that evening...
Oh, darling, you can't go into battle tomoroow! It's too dangerous!

Those peaceniks carry flowers! They'll get pollen all over you! Make you sneeze! It's not tidy!
Love me or leave me, my dear!


Maybe fighting is wrong! But it's the only life I know!
And I still believe in what Darwin said--survival of the fattest!
Don't you mean "fittest"?

Don't interrupt me! This is where I give my big patriotic speech!
Where's my flag and the latest issue of Reader's Digest? I want to wave them while I give the speech!
Ah, here they are!

Ahem... now that we have finished our studies and are going out into the cold cruel world, we must remember all the invaluable lessons we've learned here...
That's a moving, patriotic speech?
It's the only speech I know! I gave it when I graduated from P.S. 39.

The next big, block-busting scene is the confrontation itself...

Here they come-- Now, here's what I want you to do, boys--

Go home and let me handle this alone! It's more heroic that way!

PEACE NOW

END

This is what you get for being mealy-mouthed, lazy and not having an honest job!

But I'm a Professor of Political Science!

You call that honest work?

And this is for trying to molest that old lady!

But I was just trying to help her across the street!

And **this** is for being dirty, unclean, smelly and never taking a bath...

Wait, Mr. Hard-hat! It's **me!**

Smiley! Didn't recognize you with those flowers on your helmet!

Ha ha! You sure get yourself into some delightful, humorous situations! Why aren't you **laughing**, Smiley?

Oh, I could die laughing!

Don't worry! Here's a band-aid! Now, I have to get back to work!

Th-thanks!

Hey! Wait a minute! Stop the fighting!
Whaddaya think you're doing, fella? What are you?--a trouble-maker? An effete snob??
PEACE NOW!
No, Mr. Hard-hat, you've got me all wrong! I like the way you swing that club!
Oh, I see! You must be a special envoy from the President! How is Mr. Wallace?
He didn't win! Nixon's the one! Besides, I'm not an envoy!
Then, what are you? No, wait! Don't tell me! Let me guess!
You're a baseball scout! You figure, with the way I swing a bat, I'll be the next home-run king!
Wrong again!
I'm with the motion picture rating system! And I like what you're doing here! It's good, wholesome entertainment! No sex, just a lot of violence, brutality and blood!
We're giving this movie a "G" rating!
What did you hit him for. Mr. Hard-hat? He was just trying to help!
Some help! "X"-rated movies are the ones that make money nowadays! The next time I beat up hippies, I guess I'd better do it in the nude!

MODERN LIVING

Script by Bill Majeski
Art by Al Bare

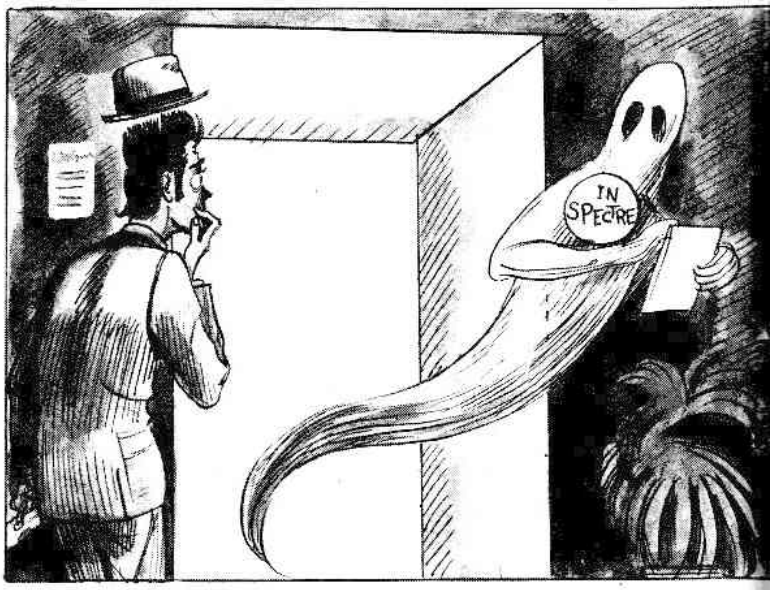
The AUTOMATIC ELEVATOR

Progress takes its toll. Modern science has eliminated the blacksmith, the doctor who makes house calls and the candlestick maker. Another career is being eliminated by modern technology—the elevator operator.

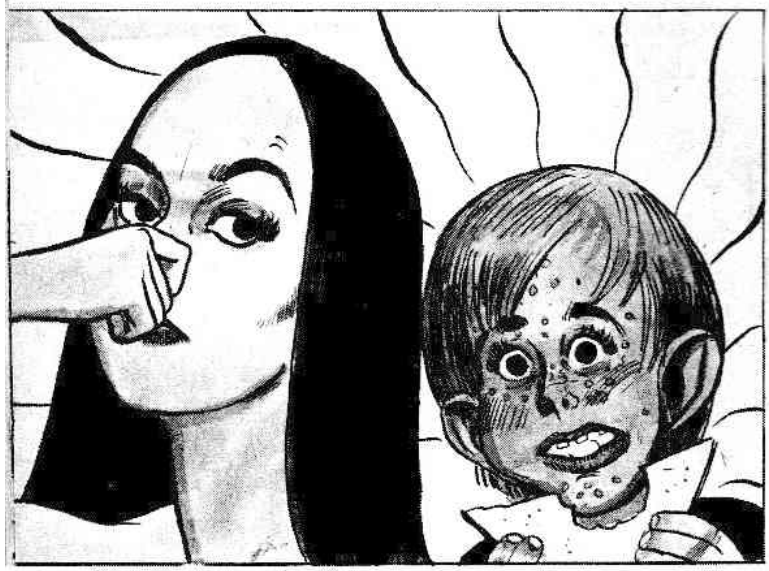
Today all our buildings have automatic elevators which whisk you quietly and efficiently up to the wrong floors, a job which took the average elevator operator three years to learn.

But the automatic elevator poses certain problems for humanity...

What If the sign says, "This Elevator Holds 1,500 pounds," and the 12 people inside crowd together even tighter to make room for a fat lady with a candy bar.



What If the sign in the car says, "This Elevator Was Inspected By.....and no one's name is there?

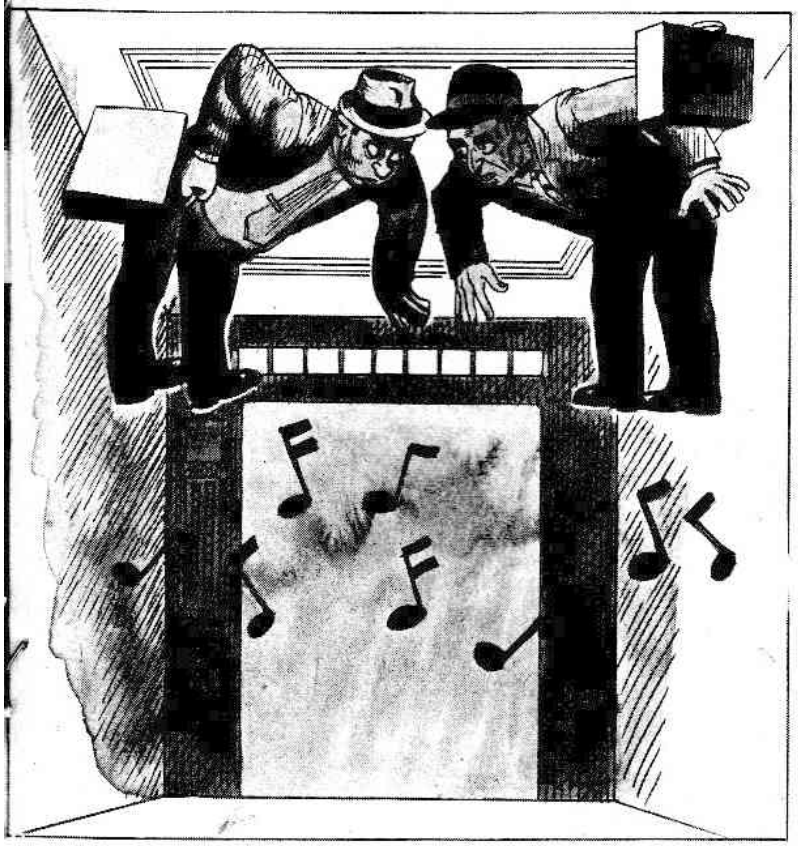


What If you're returning to your office with a limburger cheese with garlic sandwich and you get caught between floors in the elevator with the girl you've been trying to meet?

What If the lobby desk captain decides the time is ripe to sell flight insurance for passengers in the automatic elevator?

What If the piped-in music plays a waltz when you're in a tango mood. And so is the pretty girl with you.

What If the piped-in music **does** play a tango and you're in the car alone?



What If the elevator begins dropping too quickly from the 35th floor and the piped-in music plays "How Deep Is the Ocean?"

What If you are late for an appointment on the 50th floor and you learn that the automatic elevator has called in sick?

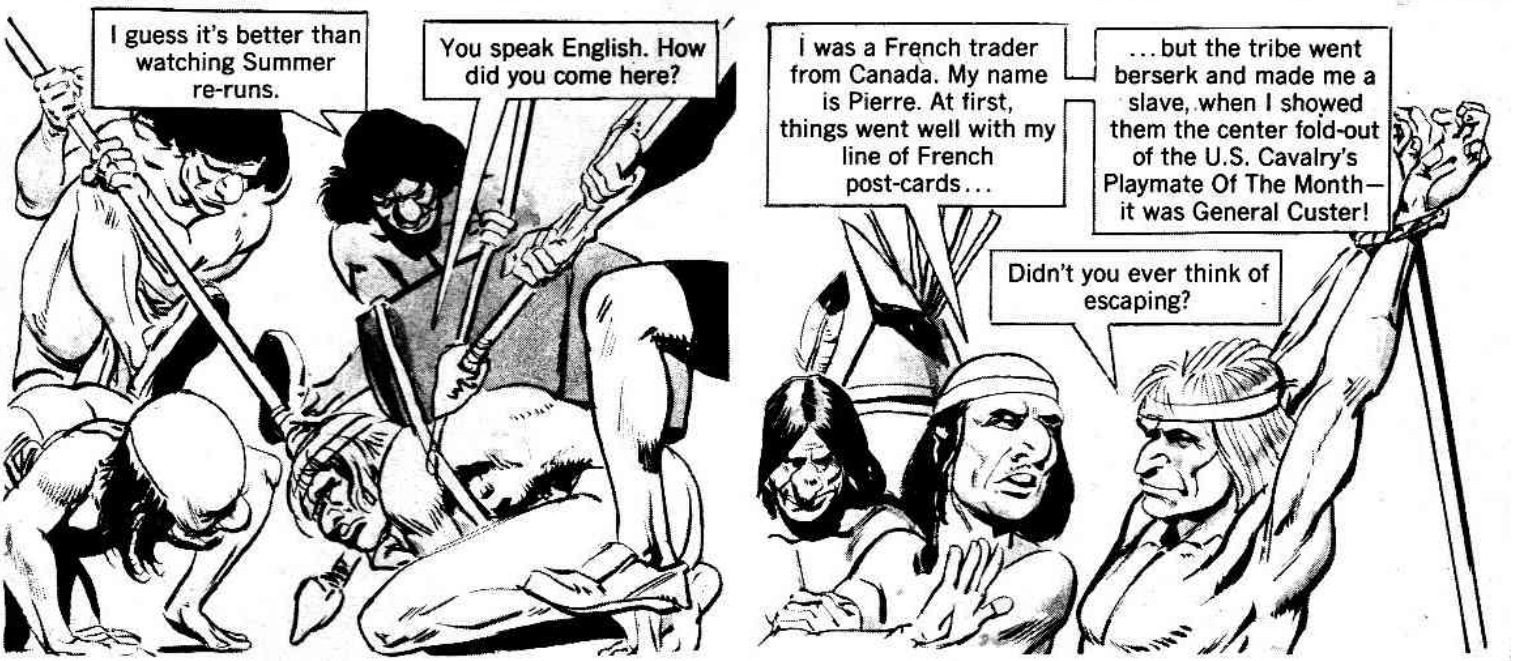
A MAN NAMED SCHWARTZ

Art by Jack Sparling
Script by Fred Wolfe

Instead of forming a Rock group, like any other sensible Englishman would do, Richard Harris heads for the unconquered western territory of Colonial America to shoot prairie chickens, thereby beating Colonel Sanders to the bird by a century. He is maimed, beaten, crushed, and nearly ripped to pieces by the natives, but isn't fazed one bit, since he rehearsed for the part by riding the New York subways during the rush hour.

The picture begins with Richard Harris being spied upon by two Sioux warriors (or peeping tom-toms) as he washes himself in the river. They nearly freak out, since he is the first white man they have ever seen, and about as welcome as Spiro Agnew at an S.D.S. meeting.

The indians proceed to drag Harris back to their village in the nude—he thinks he's auditioning for a role in "Oh Calcutta!" But the tribe merely laughs at him and calls him a horse. Of course, all the laughter stops, when Harris comes in first in the Kentucky Derby!
You seem like a decent chap. Tell me, how can these savages enjoy seeing a man being trounced, pummeled and beaten to a pulp?


I guess it's better than watching Summer re-runs.
You speak English. How did you come here?
I was a French trader from Canada. My name is Pierre. At first, things went well with my line of French post-cards...
...but the tribe went berserk and made me a slave, when I showed them the center fold-out of the U.S. Cavalry's Playmate Of The Month—it was General Custer!
Didn't you ever think of escaping?

The thought crossed my mind, until the tribe provided me with a few necessary household utensils.
"Zat is when the chief give me my tribal name.
No—Lucky Pierre!
You mean like Running Deer?

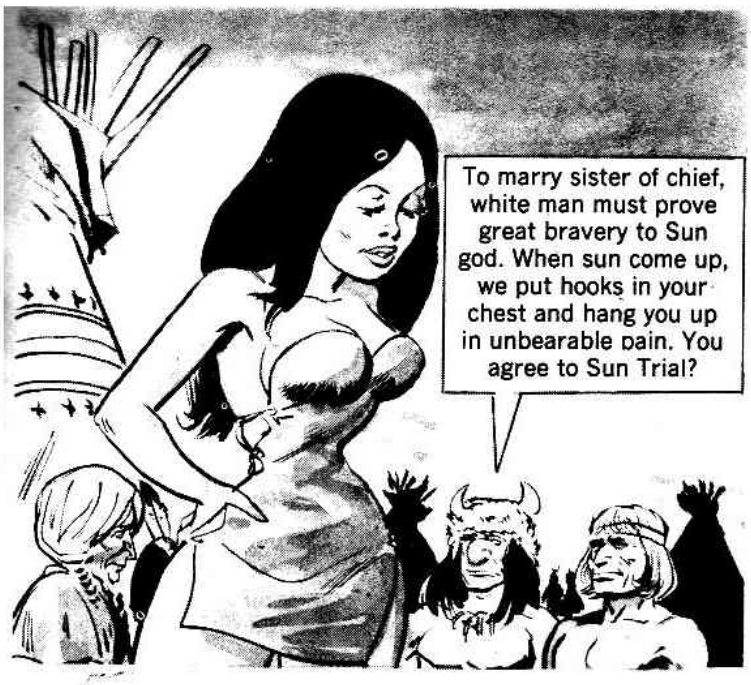
Tell me, how come the indians scalped the rest of my party, but left mine alone? Was it luck?
No—dandruff! Hasn't anybody put you hip to 'Head and Shoulders?'

Here comes chief Running Nose. Him come to sell sister to fellow chief.
Doesn't the chief want the two horses?

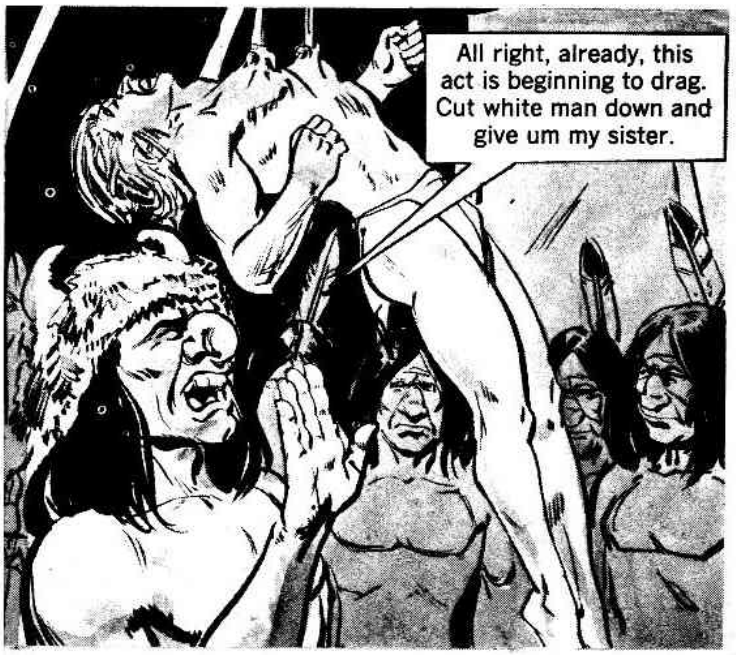
No, him want-um 'Honda!' I think his sister dig you, but to marry her, you must go through terrible torture.
Torture, eh? Oh, well, that was a short romance.

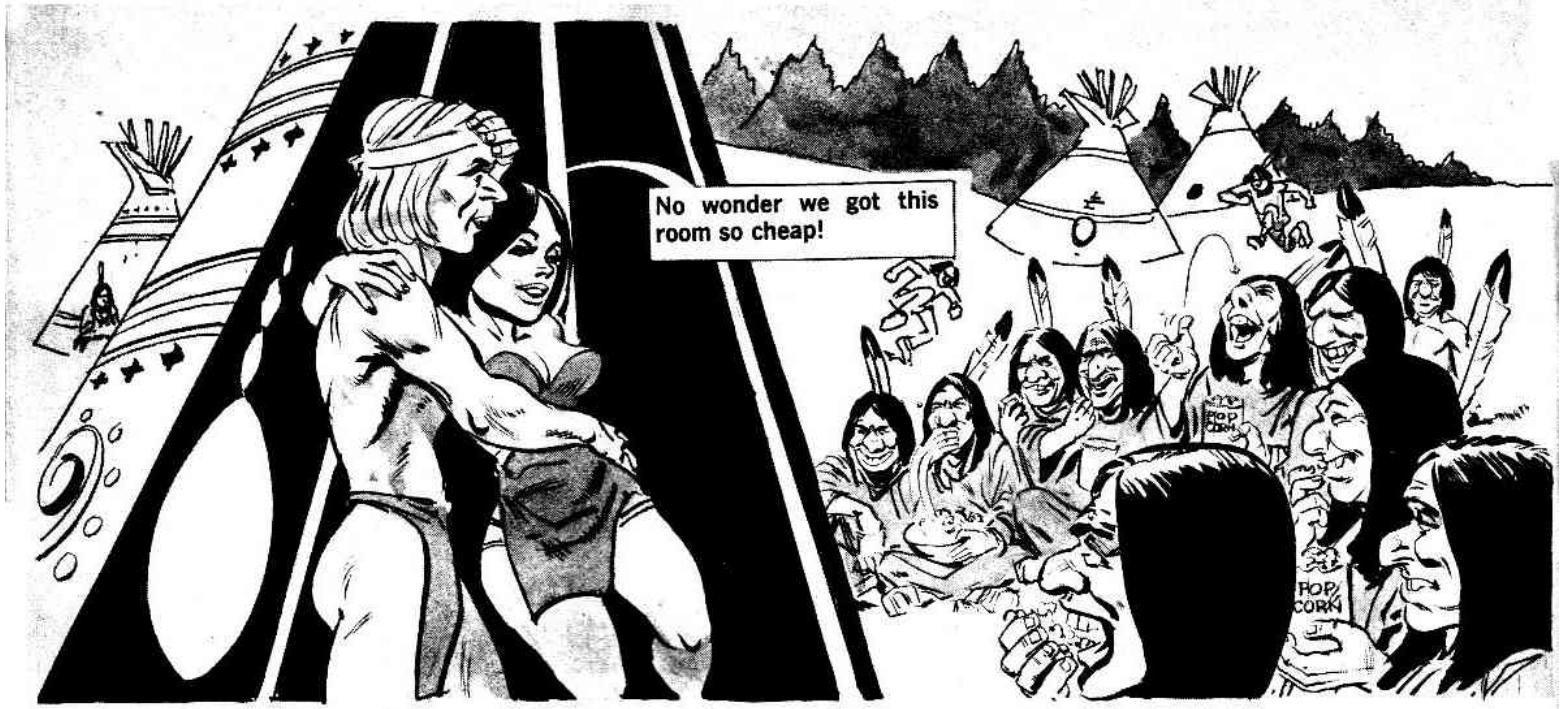
Chief say he give you to homeless hag. Believe me, she no Sweet Sioux!
Here, Lonely Loser, he all yours.
A white man?!—Not on my block!

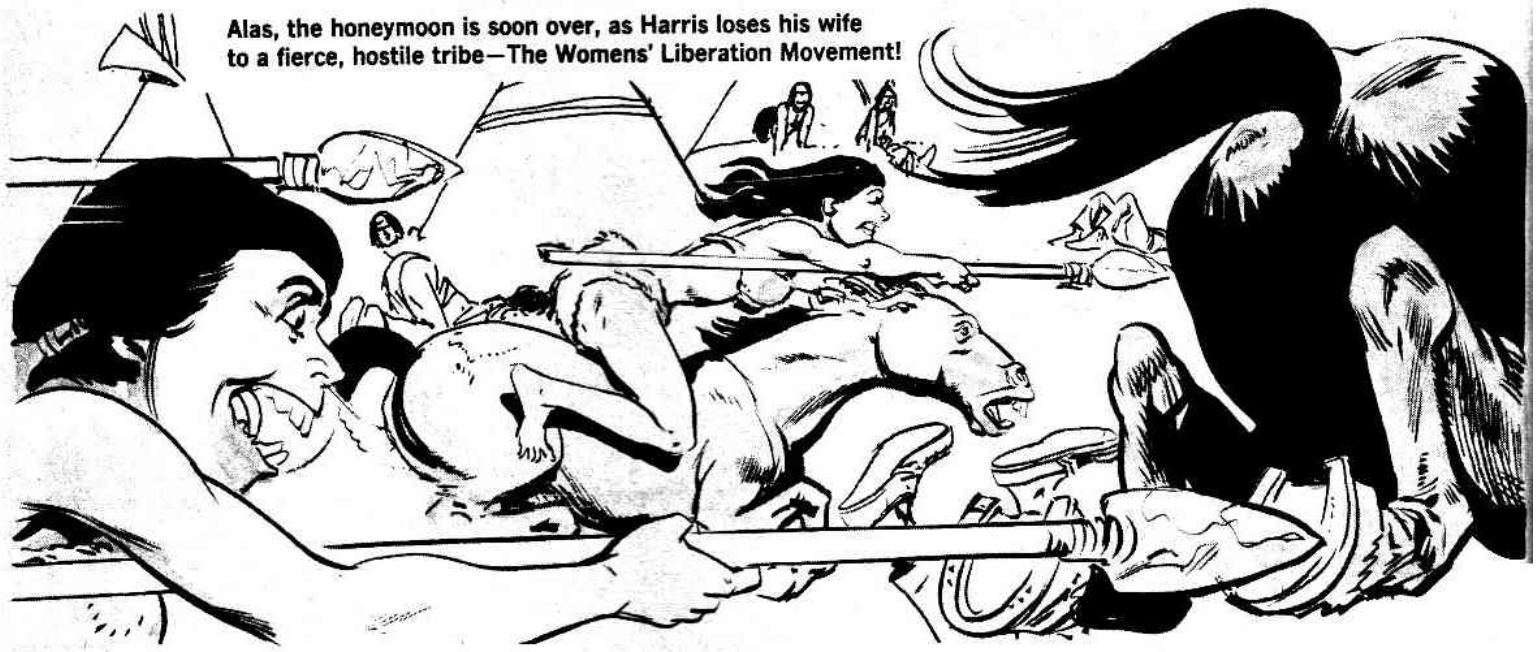
Squaw no squawk—you take-um!
All right, but there goes the neighborhood!
On second thought, chief, I'd like to marry your sister.

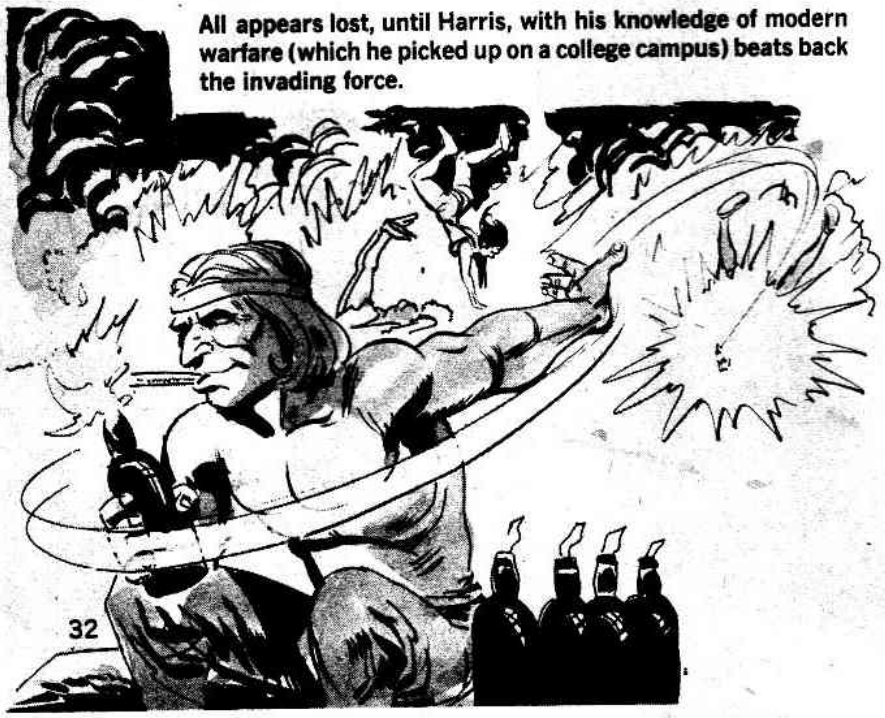


After several hours schlepp on...

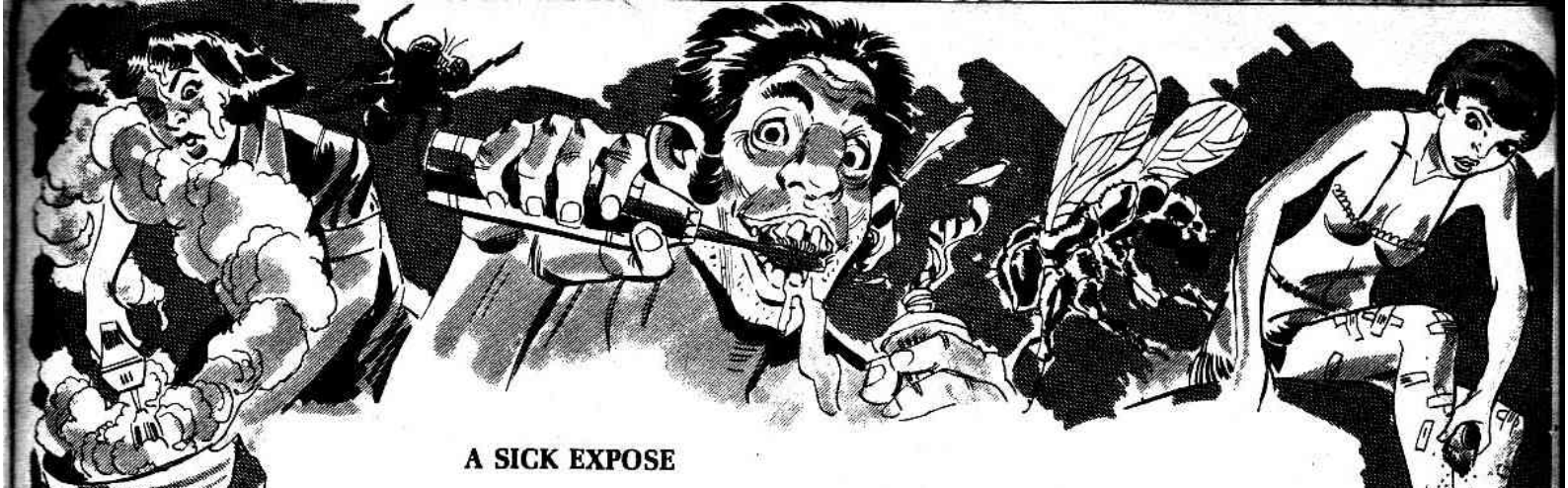



No wonder we got this room so cheap!
POP CORN


Alas, the honeymoon is soon over, as Harris loses his wife to a fierce, hostile tribe—The Womens' Liberation Movement!


All appears lost, until Harris, with his knowledge of modern warfare (which he picked up on a college campus) beats back the invading force.

Congratulations! Chief say he set you free. In fact, whole tribe is proud of you for fighting like a lion and beating off the Shoshones.
Shoshones? I thought they were my draft-board!



A SICK EXPOSE

Here we go again with another hard-hitting expose of sick institutions in our society. In the past we've attacked all sorts of evils, like hospitals and nursery schools. This time out, we explore the ADVERTISING INDUSTRY, a Svengali-like monster that charts and influences your life from birth to death.

IF YOU HAVE A WEAK STOMACH! BETTER SKIP THIS SECTION! If you have a weak mind, okay.

Mainly, because this whole thing is geared to sick minds. (Not the advertising industry...we mean this Sick expose.)

ADVERTISING BUGABOOS

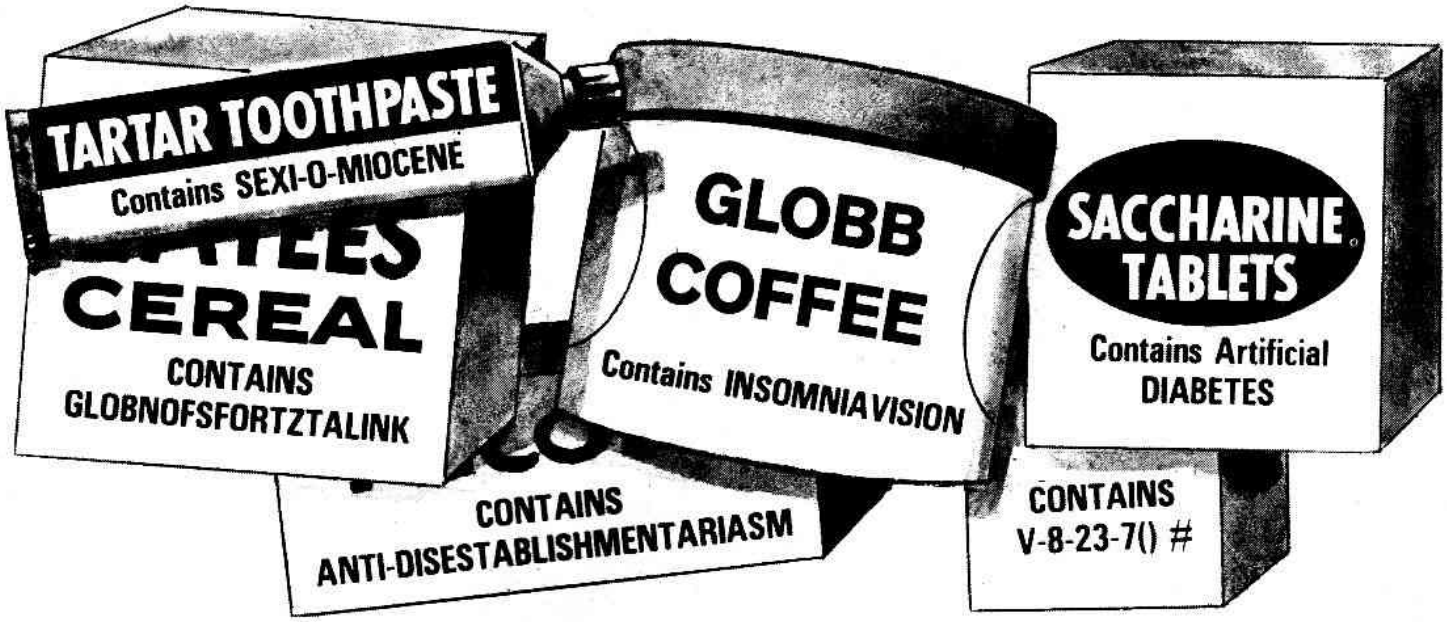
Script by Paul Laikin

HARD SELL GIMMICKS

The "New Improved Box" That Comes Out Every Year . . .
Here's A Look at a Typical Detergent on the Market Today:

So how can you believe one year's product . . . when you know that the next year they'll come out with something that'll make it look like yesterday's potatoes?

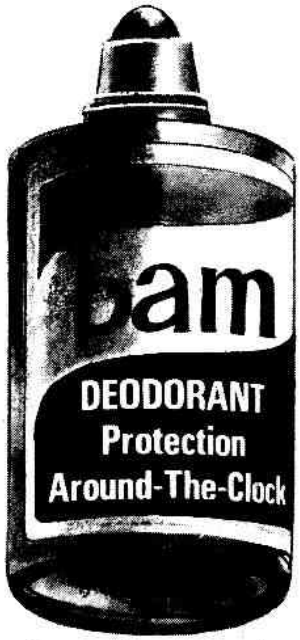
The Secret Ingredient Gimmick: Nobody Has Ever Seen Them!



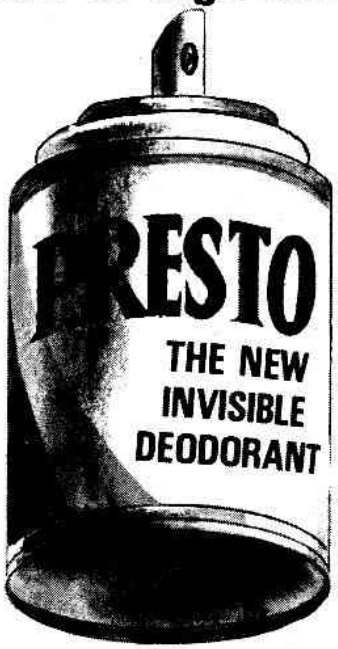
These ingredients sound Great. That's why people buy the product. Only nobody has ever found out what they really are. Not even the people who make them. They just load their products with all sorts of strange chemical ingredients... which do nothing more than take away the space that the original contents should have!

The Deodorant Craze: This One Really Smells to High Heaven!

These do the job for five days. Only trouble is, at night you start to smell again!



Sure, around-the-clock it gives protection... but on your body, forget it!

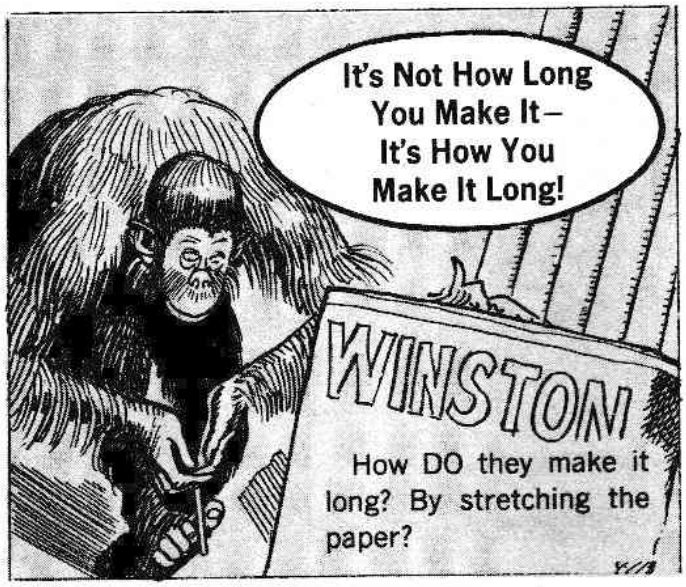


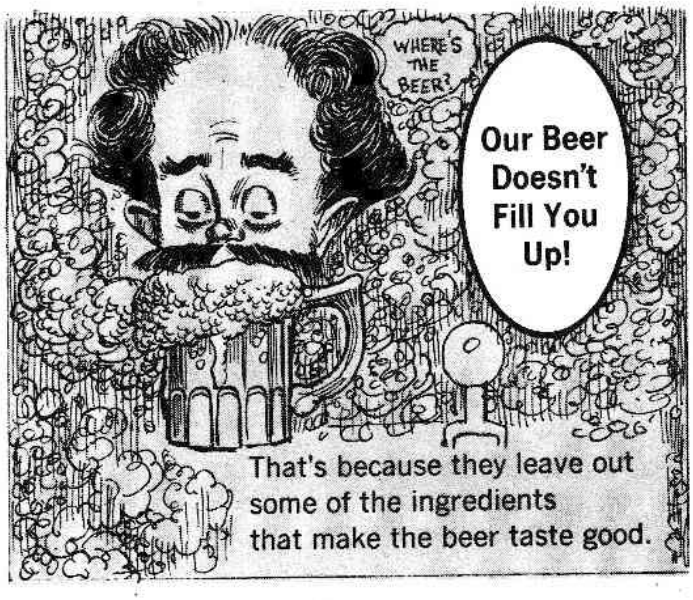
What this one does is make you disappear... so they don't know where the smell is coming from!

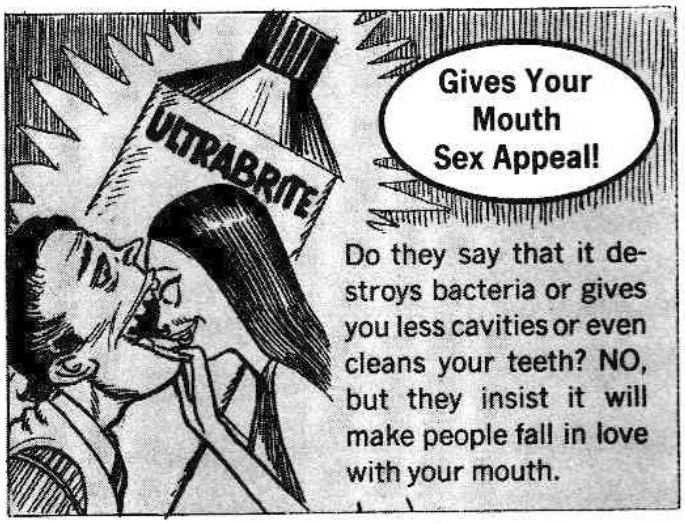
With all the crime and violence today, when you walk down the street you take your life in your hands. But under your armpits—there's complete protection!

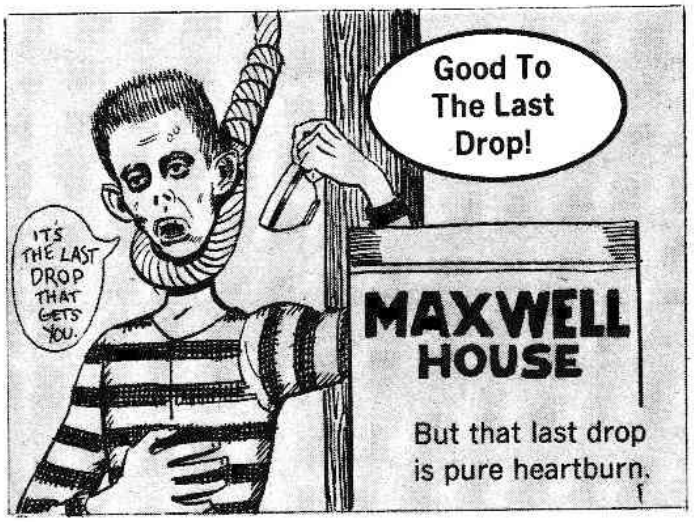
ADVERTISING SLOGANS

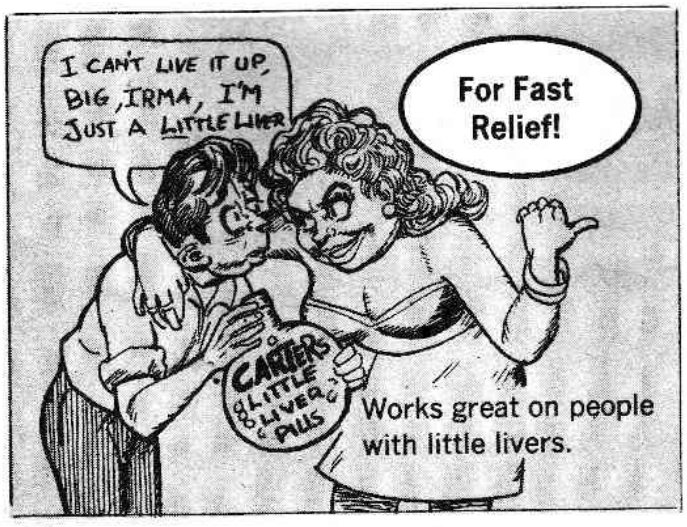
THEY SOUND GOOD LIKE A SLOGAN SHOULD– BUT WHAT DO THEY REALLY MEAN?

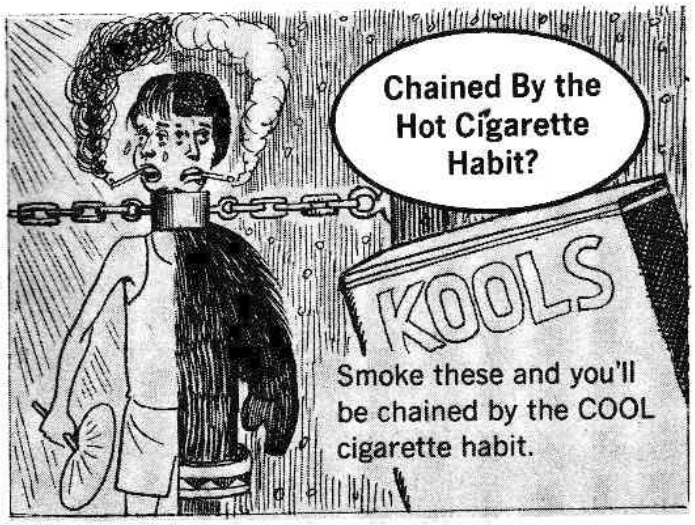


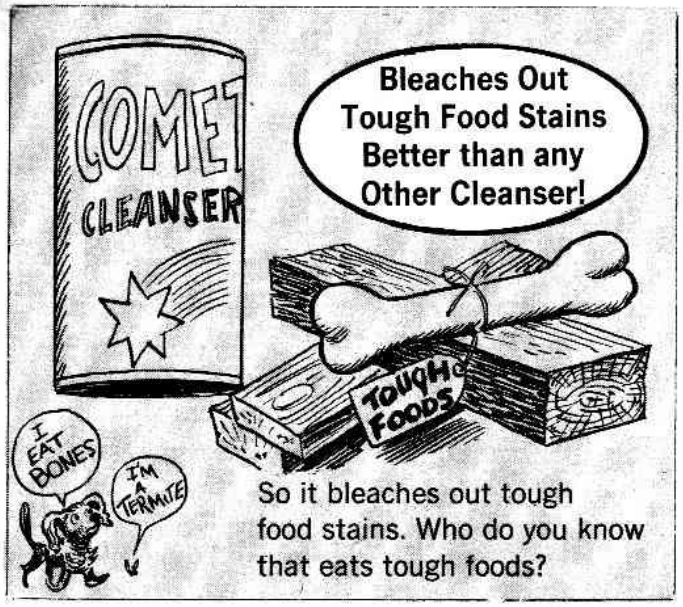


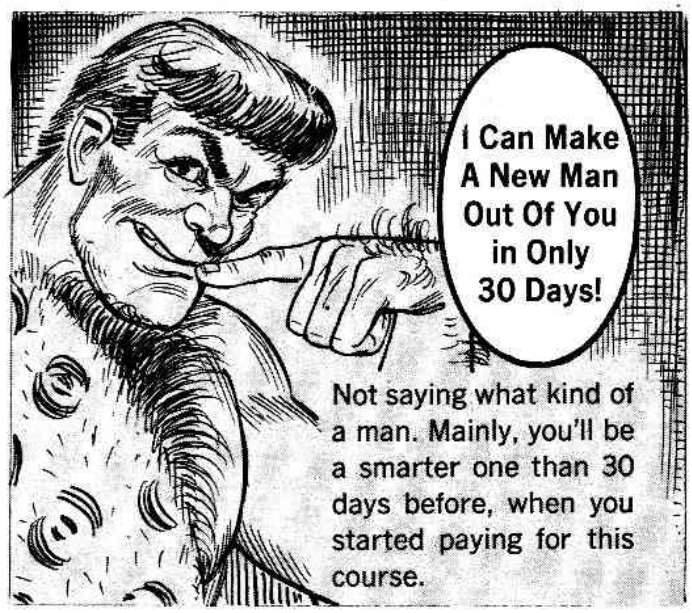


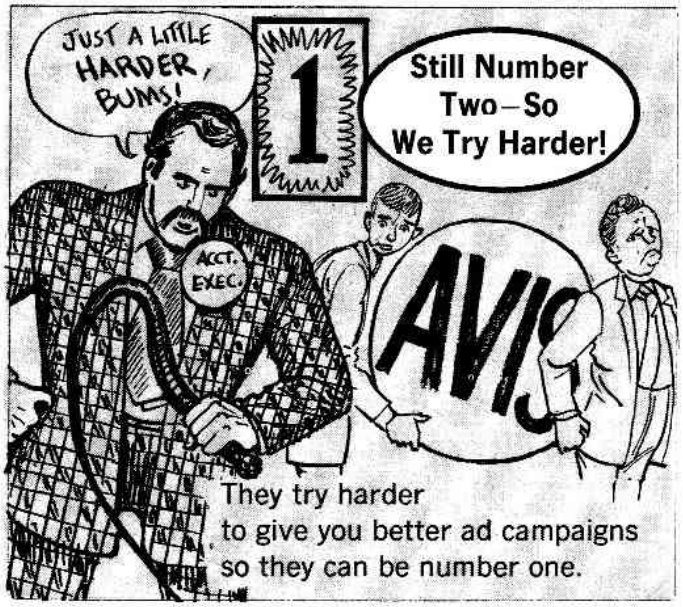


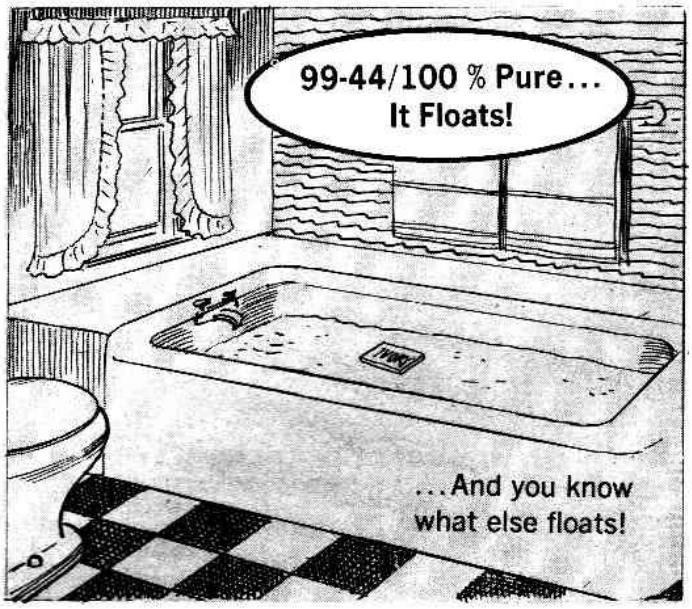


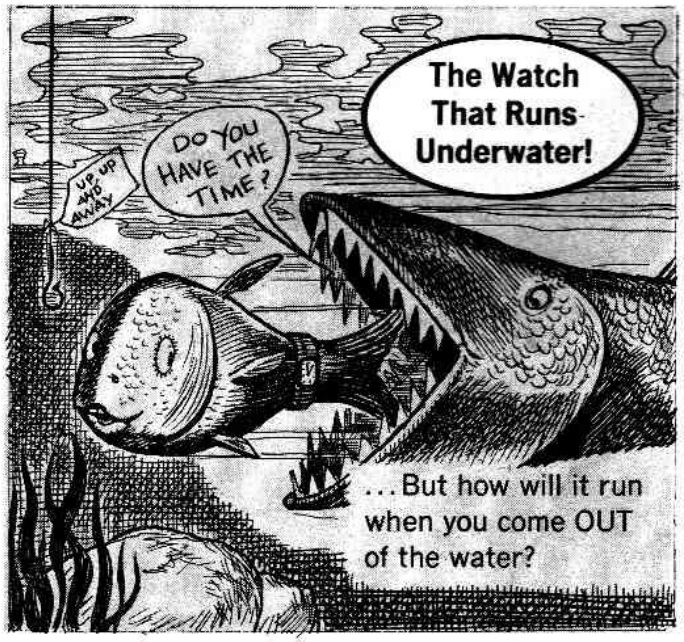



COMET CLEANSER
Bleaches Out Tough Food Stains Better than any Other Cleanser!
TOUGH FOODS
I EAT BONES
I'M A TERMITE
So it bleaches out tough food stains. Who do you know that eats tough foods?


I Can Make A New Man Out Of You in Only 30 Days!
Not saying what kind of a man. Mainly, you'll be a smarter one than 30 days before, when you started paying for this course.


JUST A LITTLE HARDER, BUMS!
1
Still Number Two—So We Try Harder!
ACCT. EXEC.
AVIS
They try harder to give you better ad campaigns so they can be number one.


99-44/100 % Pure... It Floats!
...And you know what else floats!


The Watch That Runs Underwater!
UP UP AND AWAY
DO YOU HAVE THE TIME?
...But how will it run when you come OUT of the water?

VER ISS MILWAUKEE?
The Beer That Made Milwaukee Famous!
WHO CARES?
SCH LI TZ
SCH LI TZ
Tell the truth, who ever heard of Milwaukee?

ADVERTISING BUGABOOS

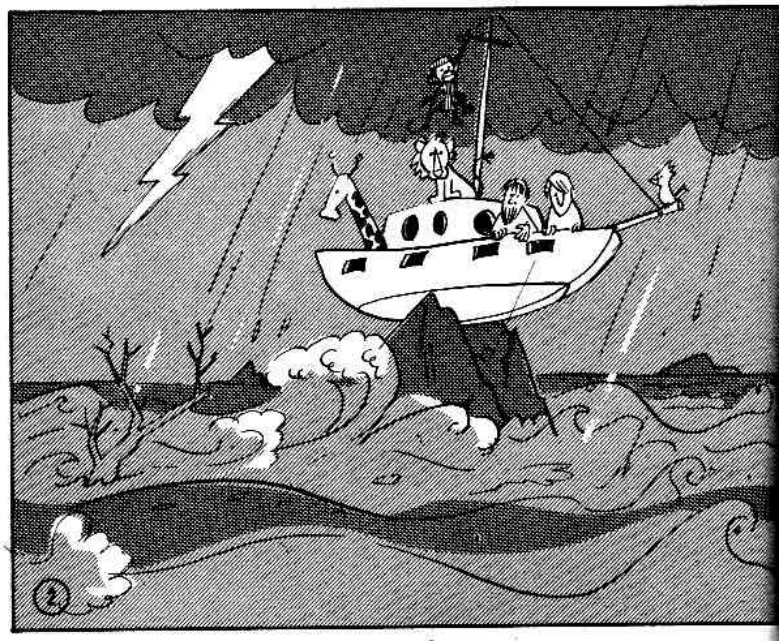
Have you ever thought about advertising slogans? Actually, they're pounded into our heads so much, it's hard to think of anything else. So you must know that advertising slogans are

HOW ADVERTISING

1. Here's an easy one to get you started. This slogan was lifted word-for-word from the famous Count Dracula in his familiar exercise.

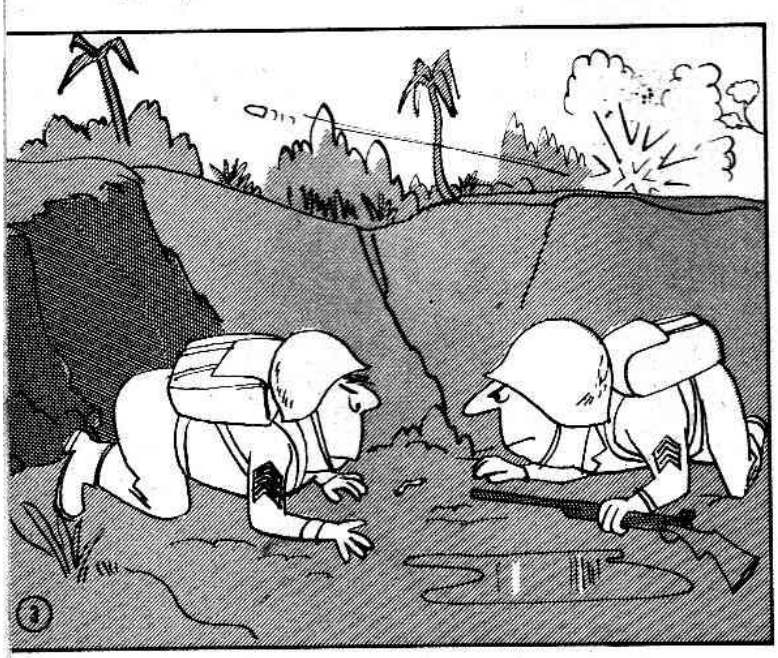
1. Wow! It sure doesn't taste like tomato juice!

2. This slogan was born during the great flood. Although Noah said it first, today it sells toothpaste . . .



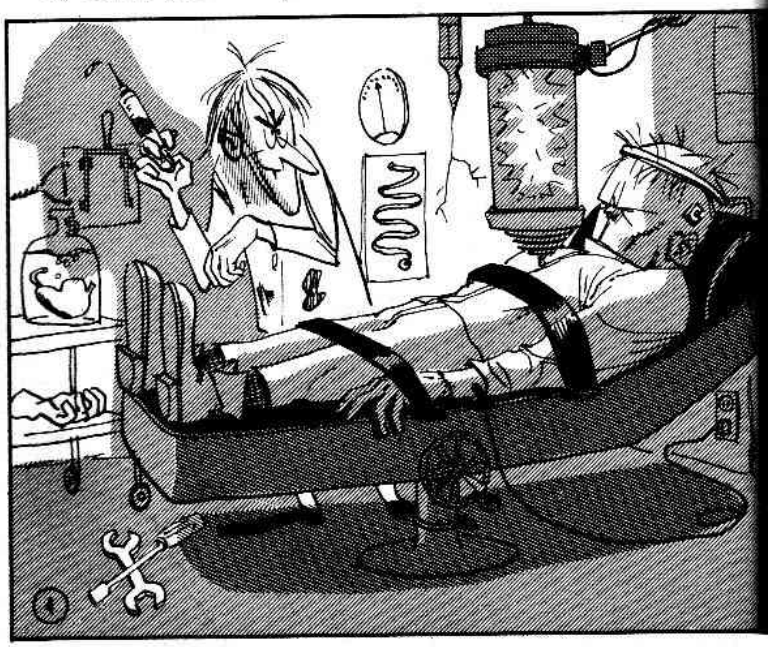
2. Maybe it's the Crest.

3. This cigarette slogan was first used by bums, then G.I.'s, and now, lovers . . .



3. There is a cigarette for the two of you.

4. The good Doctor Frankenstein would never have approved of the use to which his slogan is being put today.

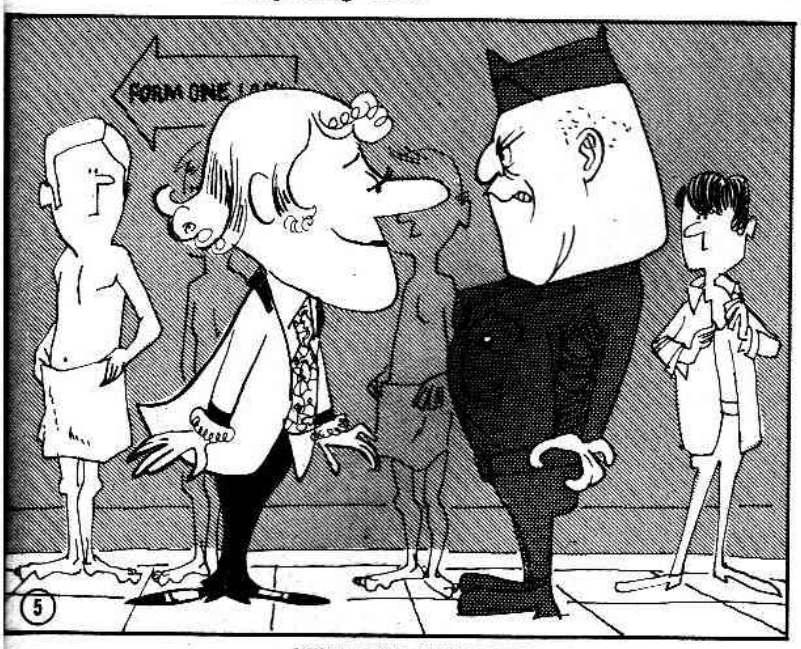


4. Bring them back alive.

big business. And so it follows that most of them were inspired by big events in history or legend. Here is your chance to match the slogan with the event which inspired it...

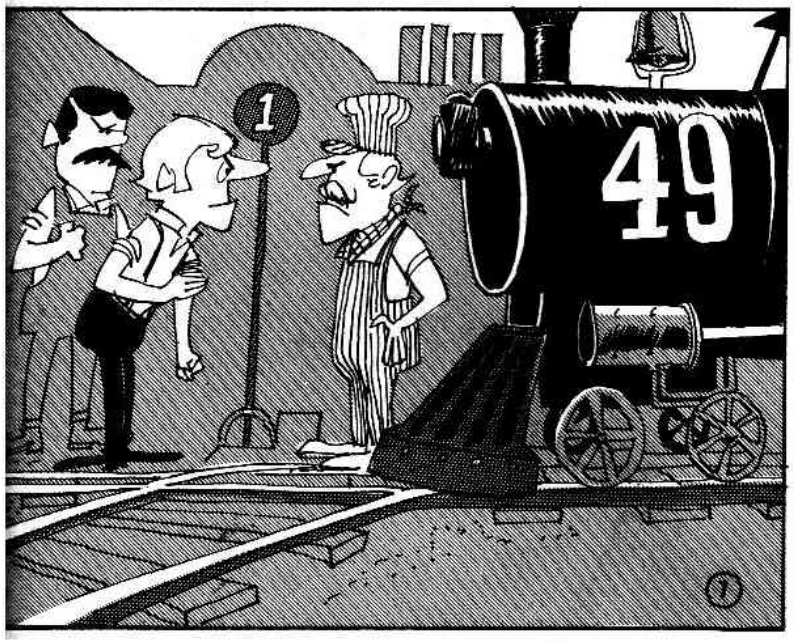
SLOGANS ARE BORN

5. The last words uttered by Samuel Sweetoes in a successful effort to avoid the draft... and everything else.

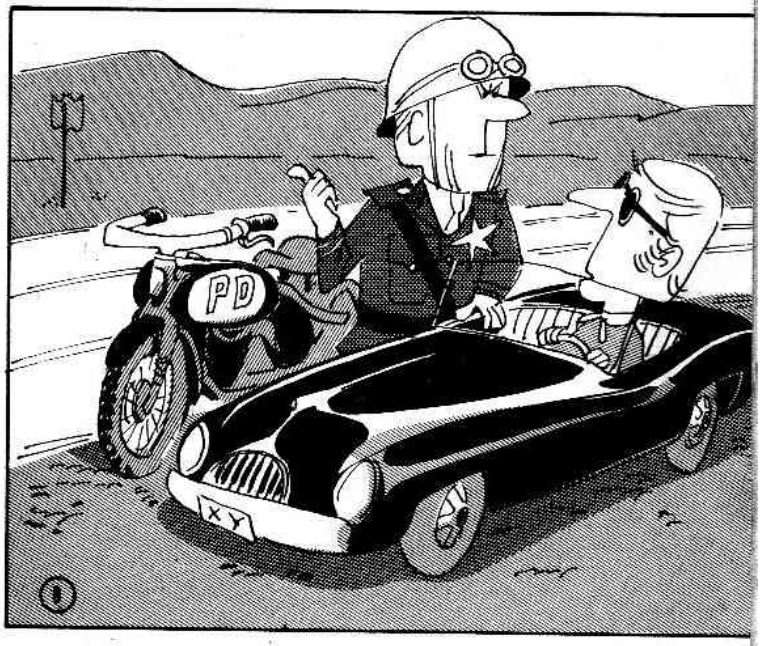


6. From a sign carried by eighteen year old Jerome Knich on a recent journey to Canada.

7. Originally the rallying cry in the famous Railroad strike of 1893, this slogan now sells cigarettes.



8. This phrase pushes gasoline and service, although not the type pictured.



5. Make love not war.

6. The life you save may be Jerome.

7. We'd rather fight than switch.

8. You can trust your car to the man who wears the star.

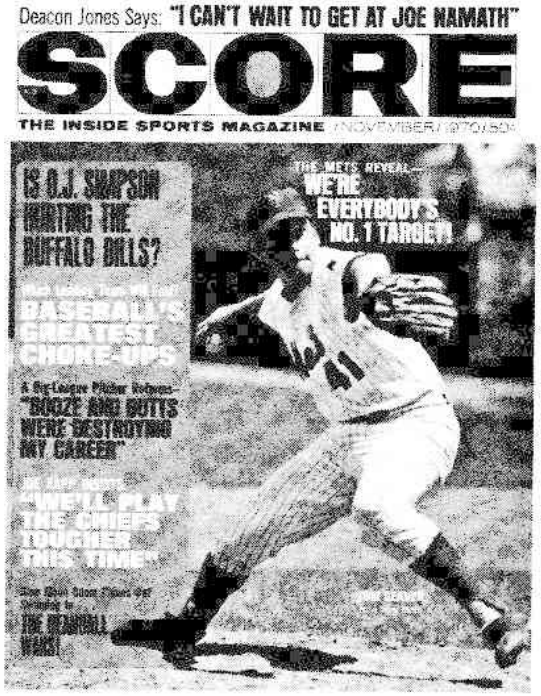
SEXY ADS GET YOUR ATTENTION, THEN SELL SOMETHING ELSE

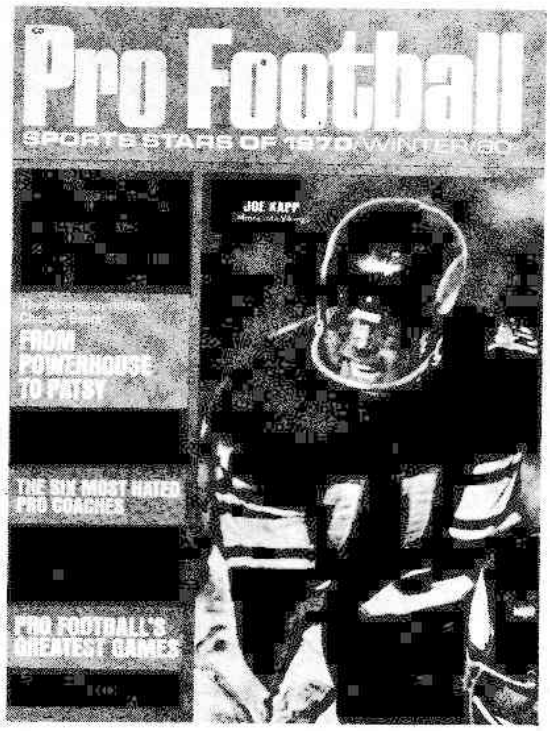
OTHER TYPE ADS PLAY ON THE EMOTIONS OF GULLIBLE GIRLS

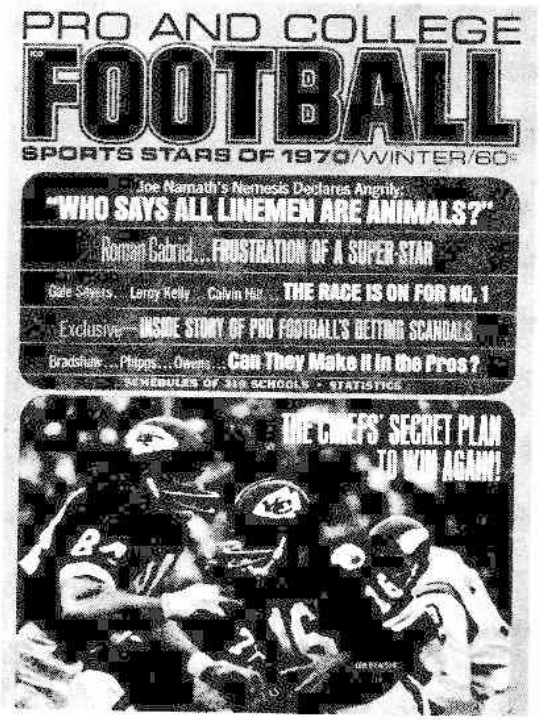
So if you don't want to be just another "image" created by Madison Avenue, ignore these ridiculous ads. Join our protest against advertising gimmicks that promise to make you smell good, feel beautiful, and attract the opposite sex, and promote inflation.

SAVE YOUR MONEY. SOME DAY IT MAY BE VALUABLE AGAIN!

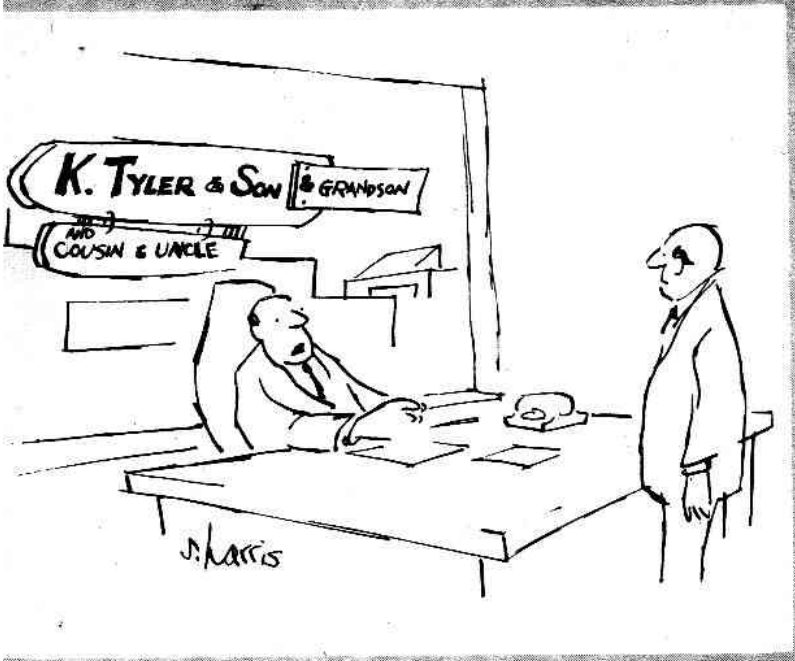
ASK YOUR NEWSDEALER...



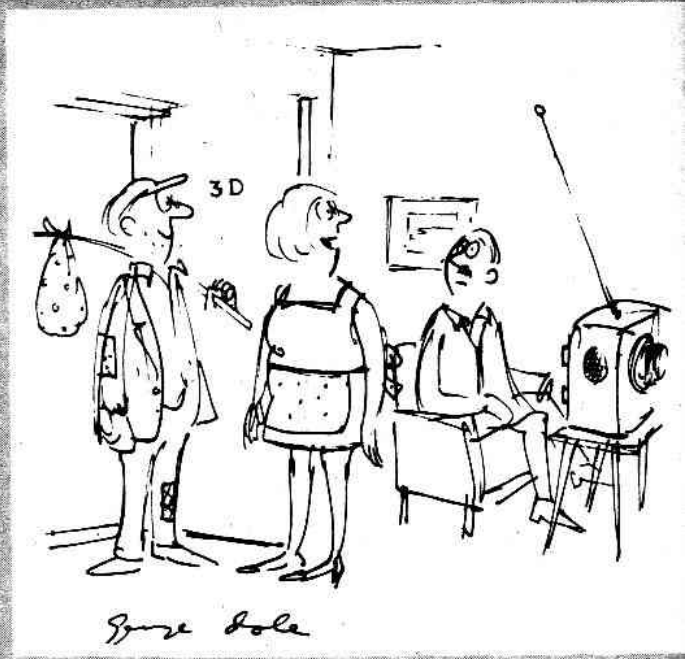




ON SALE NOW



"Frankly, Miller, your chances for executive status around here are slim."



"Dear, it's that WEALTHY uncle you're always talking about."

Everything's Relative

"Separate checks, please."

"Yeah, we said be in by midnight, but that was two days ago!"

"My, what a pleasant surprise. I didn't know that you had an appointment, mother."

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION (Act of October 23, 1962; Section 4369, United States Code).

1. DATE OF FILING: OCT. 1, 1969. 2. TITLE OF PUBLICATION: "SICK" MAGAZINE. 3. FREQUENCY OF ISSUE: 8 regular issues per year and 1 Annual. 4. LOCATION OF KNOWN OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 444 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10022. 5. LOCATION OF THE HEADQUARTERS OR GENERAL BUSINESS OFFICES OF THE PUBLISHERS (not printers): 444 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10022.

6. NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF PUBLISHER, EDITOR, AND MANAGING EDITOR. PUBLISHER: HEWFRED PUBLICATIONS, INC., 444 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10022. EDITOR: Philip Hirsch, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10022. MANAGING EDITOR: None.

7. OWNER (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual must be given.)

NAME: HEWFRED PUBLICATIONS, INC. ADDRESS: 444 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10022: Philip Hirsch, Vice President, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10022.

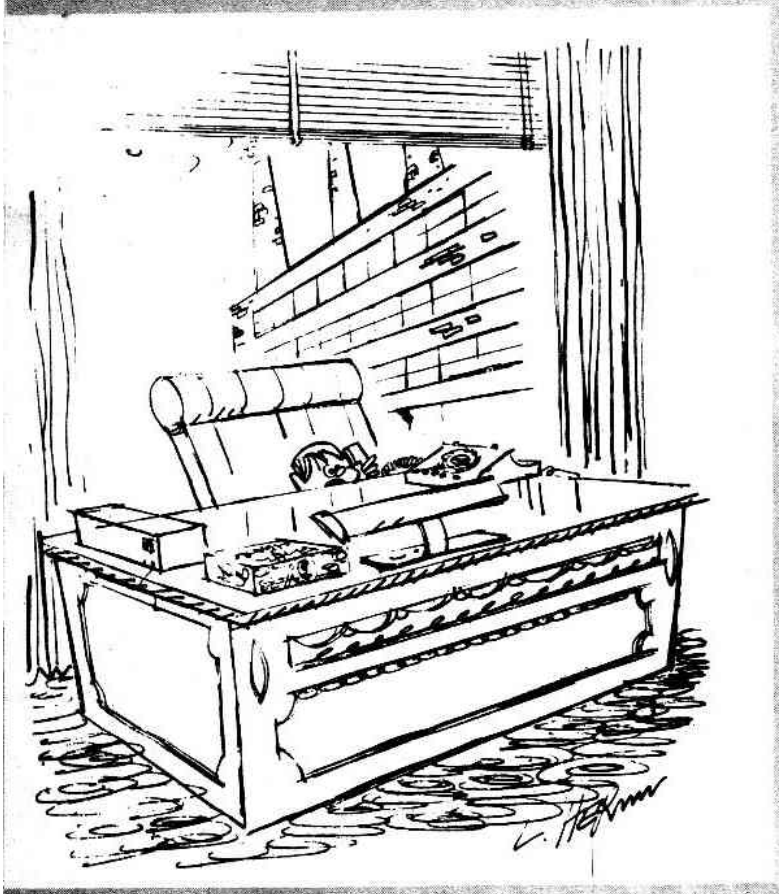
8. KNOWN BONDHOLDERS, MORTGAGEES, AND OTHER SECURITY HOLDERS OWNING OR HOLDING 1 PERCENT OR MORE OF TOTAL AMOUNT OF BONDS, MORTGAGES OR OTHER SECURITIES (If there are none, so state): None.

9. Paragraphs 7 and 8 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner. Names and addresses of individuals who are stockholders of a corporation which itself is a stockholder or holder of bonds, mortgages or other securities of the publishing corporation have been included in paragraphs 7 and 8 when the interests of such individuals are equivalent to 1 percent or more of the total amount of the stock or securities of the publishing corporation.

10. THIS ITEM MUST BE COMPLETED FOR ALL PUBLICATIONS EXCEPT THOSE WHICH DO NOT CARRY ADVERTISING OTHER THAN THE PUBLISHER'S OWN AND WHICH ARE NAMED IN SECTIONS 132.231, 132.232, AND 132.233, POSTAL MANUAL (Sections 4355a, 4355b, and 4356 of Title 39, United States Code). A. TOTAL NO. COPIES PRINTED (Net Press Run) Average No. Copies Each Issue During Preceding 12 Months: 285,859. Single Issue Nearest to Filing Date: 285,859. B. PAID CIRCULATION – 1. SALES THROUGH DEALERS AND CARRIERS, STREET VENDORS AND COUNTER SALES. Average No. Copies Each Issue During Preceding 12 Months: 285,859. Single Issue Nearest to Filing Date: 285,859. 2. MAIL SUBSCRIPTIONS. Average No. Copies Each Issue During Preceding 12 Months: 127. Single Issue Nearest to Filing Date: 412. C. TOTAL PAID CIRCULATION. Average No. Copies Each Issue During Preceding 12 Months: 282,481. Single Issue Nearest to Filing Date: 282,608. D. FREE DISTRIBUTION (including samples) BY MAIL CARRIER OR OTHER MEANS. Average No. Copies Each Issue During Preceding 12 Months: 125. Single Issue Nearest to Filing Date: 125. E. TOTAL DISTRIBUTION (Sum of C and D). Average No. Copies Each Issue During Preceding 12 Months: 282,733. Single Issue Nearest to Filing Date: 282,733. F. OFFICE USE, LEFT-OVER, UNACCOUNTED, SPOILED AFTER PRINTING. Average No. Copies Each Issue During Preceding 12 Months: 3,126. Single Issue Nearest to Filing Date: 767. G. TOTAL (Sum of E and F—should equal net press run shown in A). Average No. Copies Each Issue During Preceding 12 Months: 285,859. Single Issue Nearest to Filing Date: 285,859.

I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

(Signature of editor, publisher, business manager, or owner) (S) Richard D. Lordi



"...And, sir, there are some nasty stories going around that I got the Vice Presidency only because you're my daddy!"

"If it's any consolation to you, I had to wire your wife's jaw."

"I want a bigger piece of the action!"

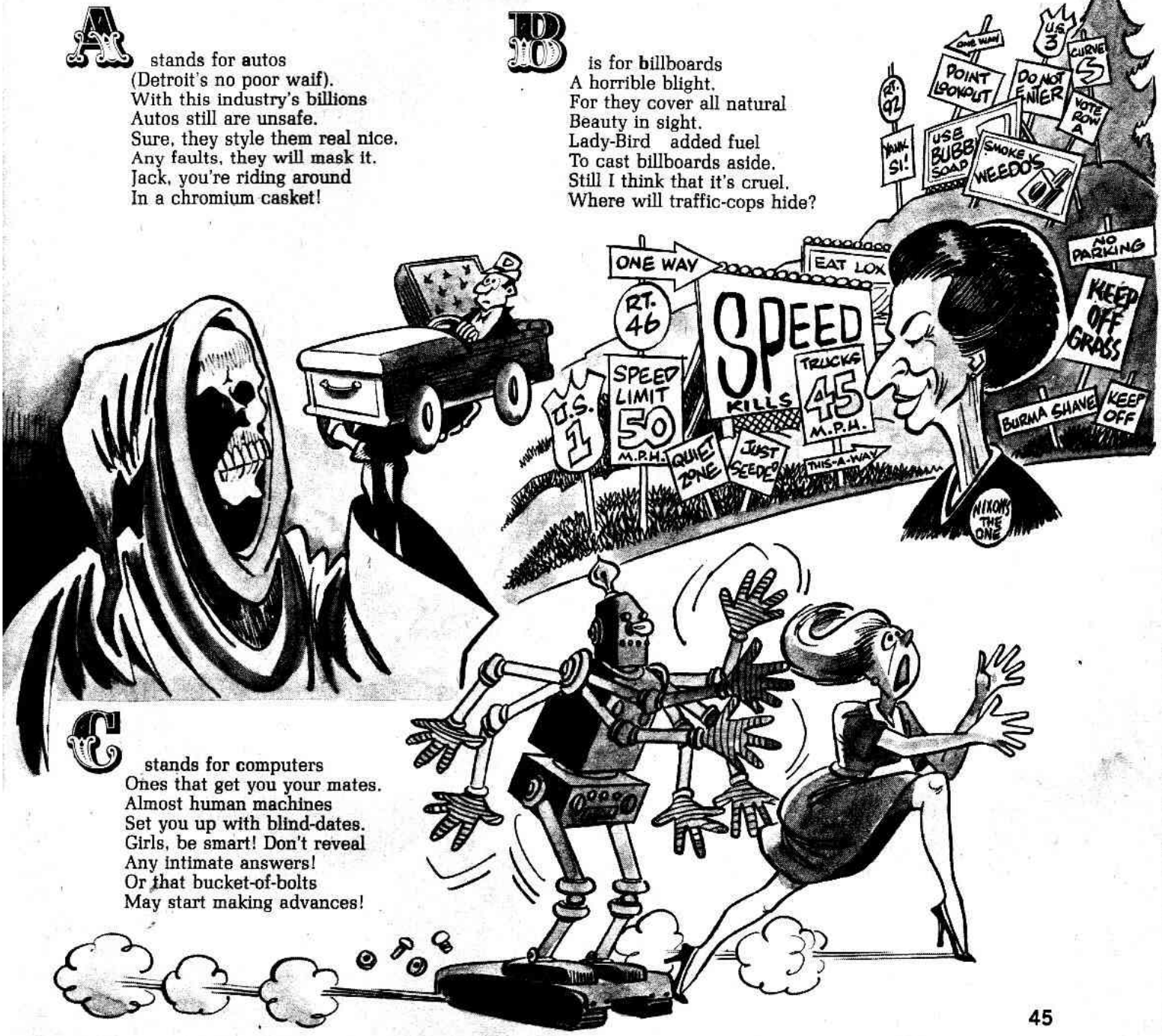
"What do you mean, where's mother? Didn't you just tell me to take out the garbage?"

"Mother, please!!"

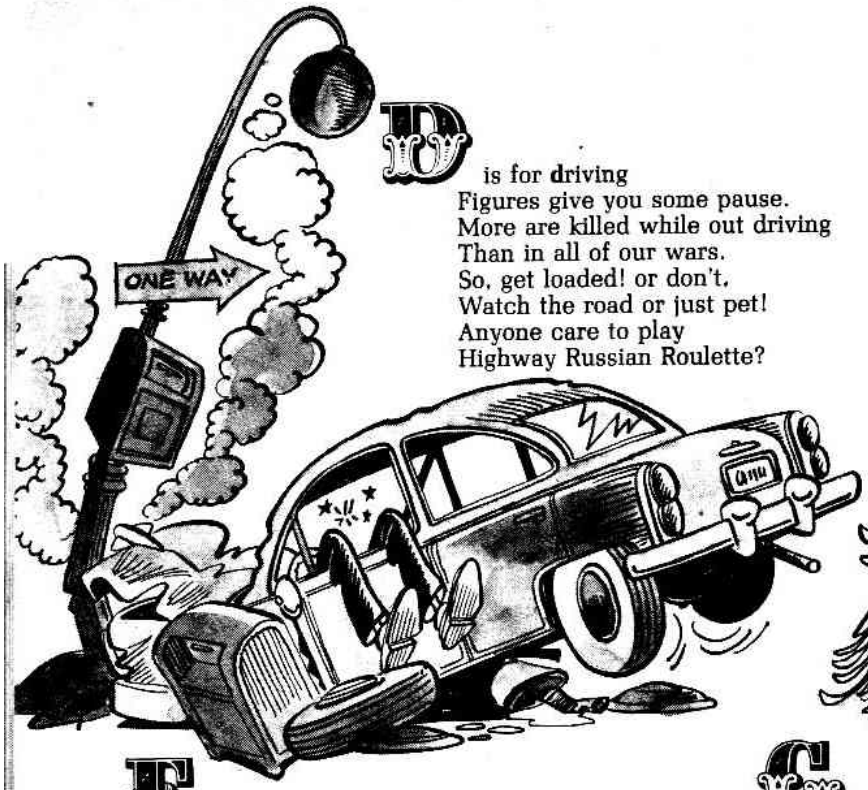
ABCs of The ESTABLISHMENT

A stands for autos
(Detroit's no poor waif).
With this industry's billions
Autos still are unsafe.
Sure, they style them real nice.
Any faults, they will mask it.
Jack, you're riding around
In a chromium casket!

B is for billboards
A horrible blight.
For they cover all natural
Beauty in sight.
Lady-Bird added fuel
To cast billboards aside.
Still I think that it's cruel.
Where will traffic-cops hide?



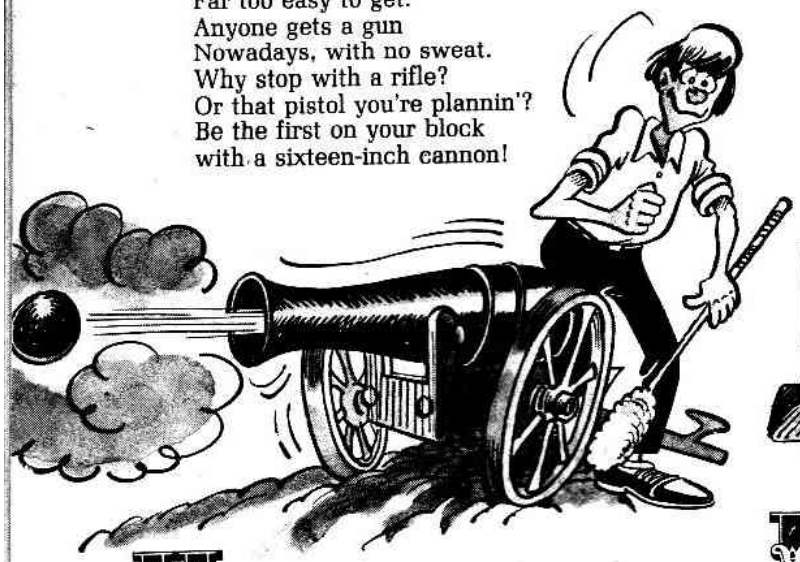
C stands for computers
Ones that get you your mates.
Almost human machines
Set you up with blind-dates.
Girls, be smart! Don't reveal
Any intimate answers!
Or that bucket-of-bolts
May start making advances!



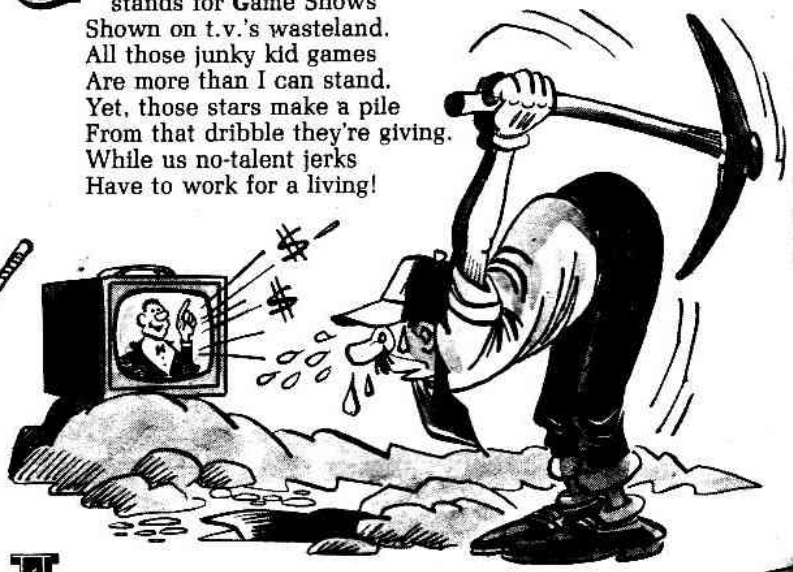
D is for **driving**
Figures give you some pause.
More are killed while out driving
Than in all of our wars.
So, get loaded! or don't.
Watch the road or just pet!
Anyone care to play
Highway Russian Roulette?

E is for **E.S.P.**
Extra-Sens'ry Perception.
Your thoughts tuned to others.
You get perfect reception.
I don't know about you.
But if I had those forces.
I'd be down at the track.
Reading minds of race-horses!

F is for **firearms**
Far too easy to get.
Anyone gets a gun
Nowadays, with no sweat.
Why stop with a rifle?
Or that pistol you're plannin'?
Be the first on your block
with a sixteen-inch cannon!



G stands for **Game Shows**
Shown on t.v.'s wasteland.
All those junky kid games
Are more than I can stand.
Yet, those stars make a pile
From that dribble they're giving.
While us no-talent jerks
Have to work for a living!



H stands for **Hot-Line**
Between Russia and US.
For emergencies, only.
Like an atomic fuss.
What if we're on the brink?
And the world's in a tizzy.
And we both tried to dial —
And we found the line busy!

I is for **inflation**
Prices going sky-high!
Paying four, 'stead of two
For whatever you buy.
But, there's some who don't mind.
Spite of what I have stated.
Those who charge twice the price
Love their profits inflated!

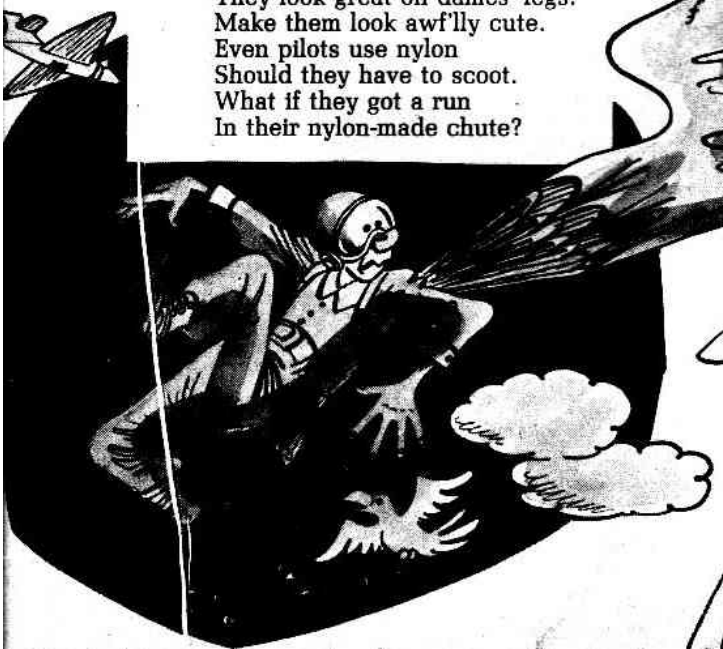
J stands for Jan.
Month that starts the New Year.
When we get high on whisky
And gallons of beer.
Then, next day, we're half-dead.
Can't recall, half the time.
Yet, we seem to be certain
We had a grand time!

K is for Karting
Mini-type racing car.
Just four wheels and a seat
And a roll-over bar.
You sit inches from earth
In this wild little ride
If the wheels gave away
You'd ride on your backside!

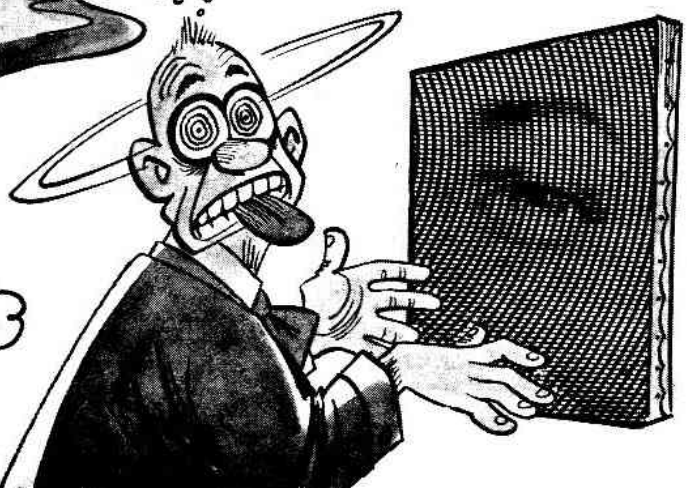
L is for "Lux"
It's just one kind of soap
That makes promises
Offering women new hope.
"Try our Lux 3-day facial!
And you'll look like a queen!"
But if you're Phyllis Diller
All you'll get is just clean!

M stands for Mod
The new fashions kids wear.
Coolest bell-bottom suits.
Shaggy, sheep-dog style hair.
Yes, they all walk around
With adorable curls.
Guess you must be a teen
To tell boys from the girls.

N is for nylon
A silk substitute.
They look great on dames' legs.
Make them look awf'lly cute.
Even pilots use nylon
Should they have to scoot.
What if they got a run
In their nylon-made chute?



O stands for Op-Art
Sight-illusion type drawing.
Op-Art gets "oohs!" and "aahs!"
But it just leaves me snoring.
True, it puts me to sleep.
Wavy lines like a drunk.
I suspect they're half-shot.
Clods who paint Op-Art junk!

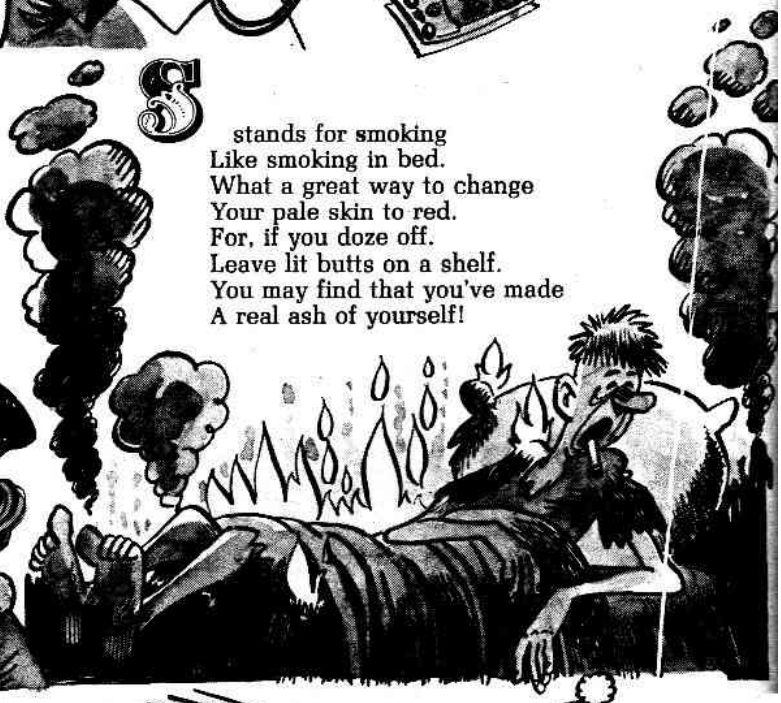


P stands for **P**anels
Talky-shows on t.v.
Pointless yakkety yak
Going on endlessly.
But, there's plenty of talent
Like that in your home.
Teens can do the same thing
Talking hours on the phone!

Q stands for **q**uacks
(I don't mean Donald Duck).
If you fall in quack hands
Man, you're clear out of luck.
Phoney doctors who bleed you.
But yet, you get worse.
Make the swelling go down
In your wallet or purse!

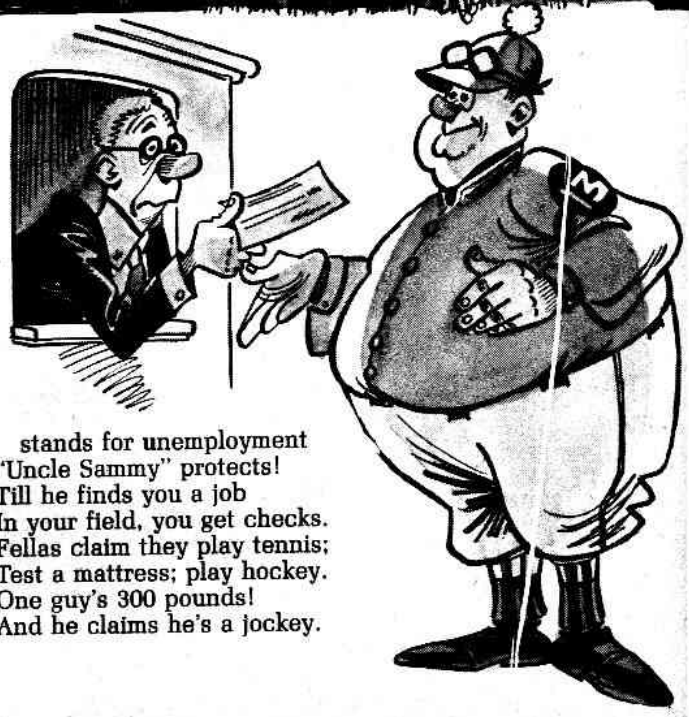
R stands for **r**eal
Like those **r**eal-estate chaps.
They will praise any house
That is bound to collapse.
They are kinda inclined
To play games with the truth.
They'll say: "Huge living-room!"
For a telephone-booth!

S stands for **s**moking
Like smoking in bed.
What a great way to change
Your pale skin to red.
For, if you doze off.
Leave lit butts on a shelf.
You may find that you've made
A real ash of yourself!



T is for **t**ransistor
A miniature set
Stuck in ears of teen-agers
For the Beatles to get.
Rock and Roll, they hear only.
Who needs world-news, instead?
What a cool, groovy way
To get rocks in your head!

U stands for **u**nemployment
"Uncle Sammy" protects!
Till he finds you a job
In your field, you get checks.
Fellas claim they play tennis;
Test a mattress; play hockey.
One guy's 300 pounds!
And he claims he's a jockey.



V

is for vigor
Glowing health; rosiness.
Having physical fitness
Like the president says.
So, eat Wheaties! Work out!
Be you doctor or sailor,
For, someday you may marry
A chick like Liz Taylor!

W

's for Waikiki
It's a beach in Hawaii.
In our fiftieth state.
Why not give it a try, eh?
For, you'll feel right at home
Like a pineapple-grower.
Gorgeous girls in grass-skirts.
Bring along your lawn-mower!

X

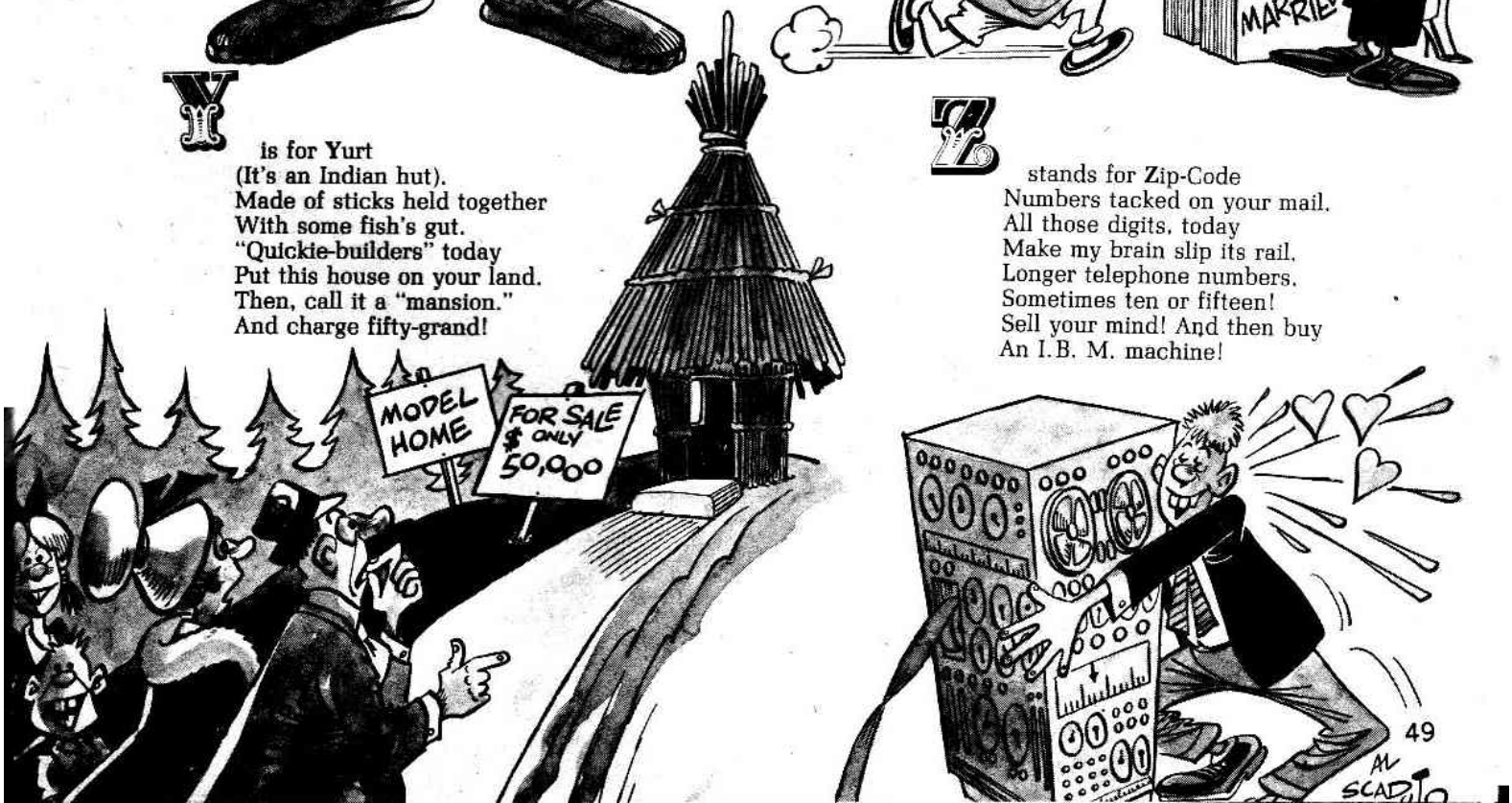
is for Xavier
Cugat, that is.
Grand old man with marraccas
In the Latin band biz.
He just married teen "Charo."
What a honeymoon scene!
Cugat! — Charo! —
And baby-sitter, between.

Y

is for Yurt
(It's an Indian hut).
Made of sticks held together
With some fish's gut.
"Quickie-builders" today
Put this house on your land.
Then, call it a "mansion."
And charge fifty-grand!

Z

stands for Zip-Code
Numbers tacked on your mail.
All those digits, today
Make my brain slip its rail.
Longer telephone numbers,
Sometimes ten or fifteen!
Sell your mind! And then buy
An I.B. M. machine!



YOU'VE ARRIVED!

It's not difficult to recognize the rising young executive or to spot the man who's going places, but how do you know when these men have reached their destination? If you're ambitious, here are some definite indications to let you know you've finally arrived:

You've arrived when you can afford to go Sunday driving without waiting for a gas war.

You've arrived when the police escort you **into** town.

You've arrived when you can play a sport badly.

You've arrived when the door to the executive washroom is always open to you.

You've arrived when the stock market affects your finances more than the supermarket.

You've arrived when you can make new friends without getting a new mouthwash.

You've arrived when your home is your own and no longer referred to as the "old Johnson place."

You've arrived when you buy Paris originals for your French poodle.

You've arrived when you get Christmas gifts designed for the man who has everything.

You've arrived when you don't need home movies, because you can watch yourself on the TV news.

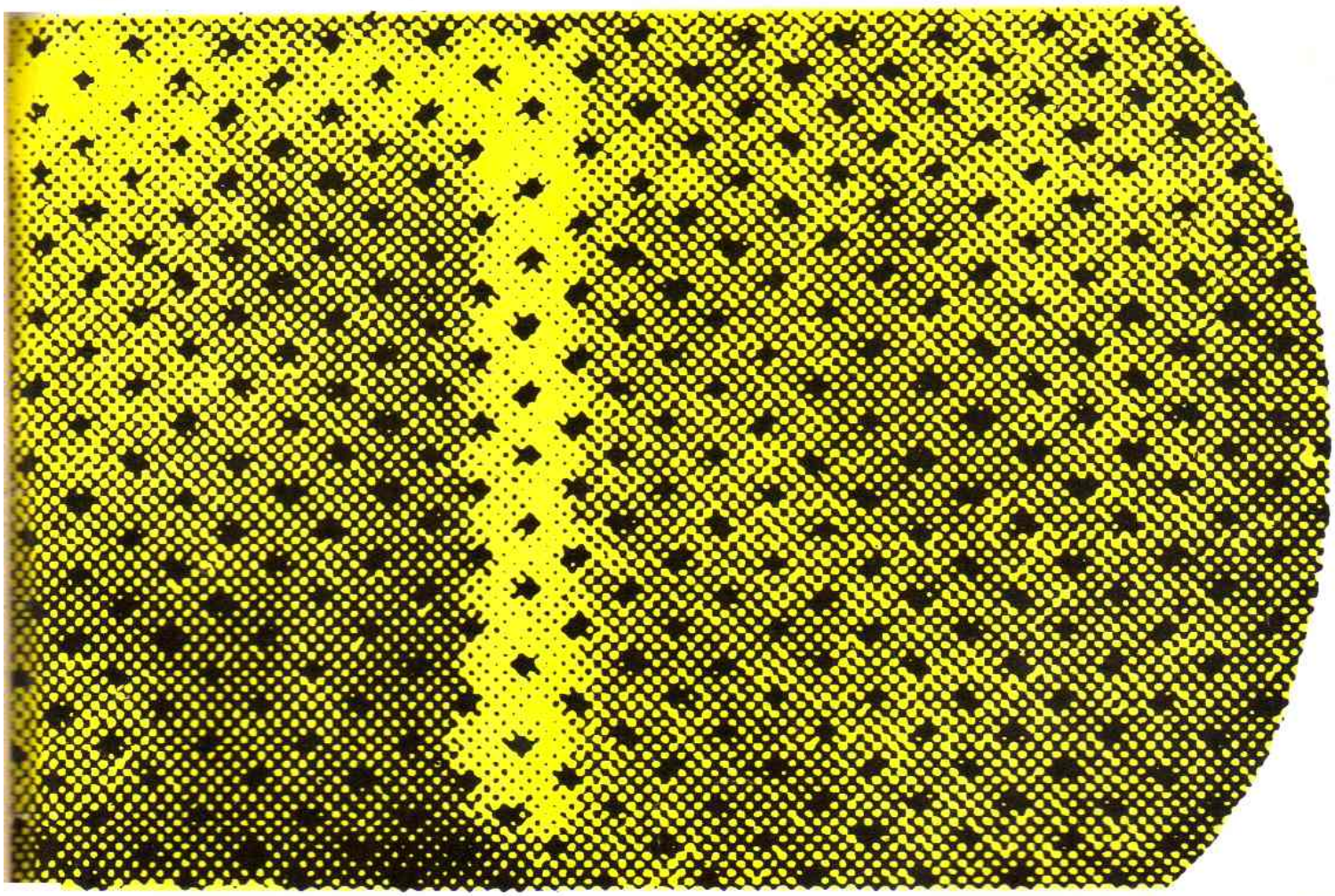
You've arrived when you're never late for an appointment no matter what time you show up.

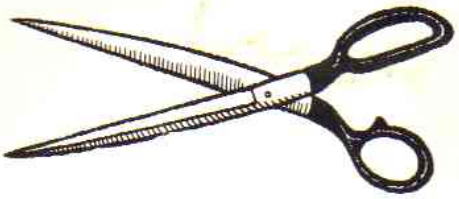
You've arrived when Ed Sullivan introduces you from his audience and pronounces your name right.

You've arrived when you throw a block party and find you're the only one there because you own the whole block.

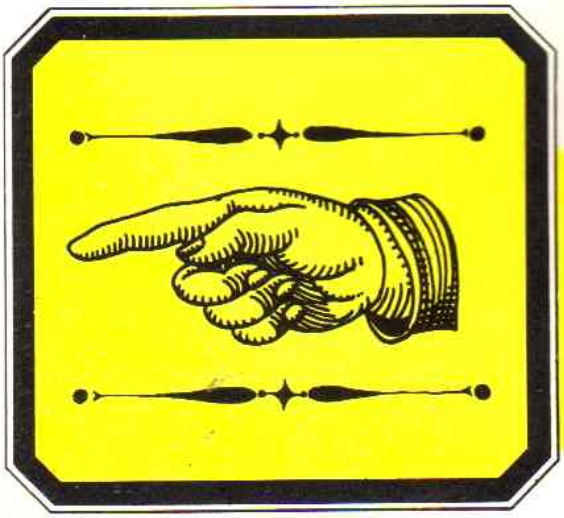
You've arrived when you're well-known enough to be satirized in a humor magazine.

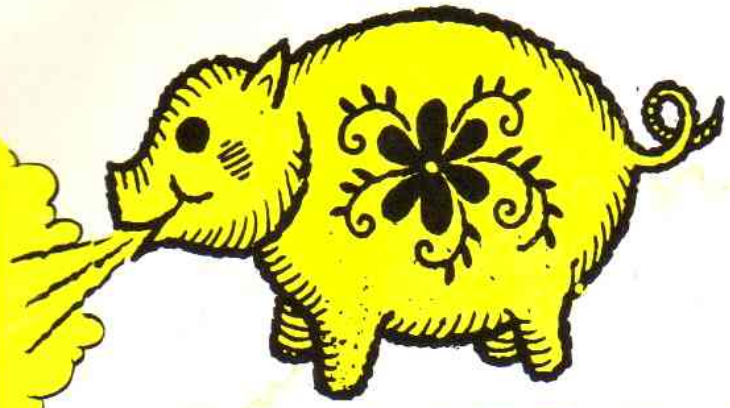
You've arrived for sure when the stewardess wakes you up and it isn't meal time.





ARE YOU BOTHERED





BY BAD BREATH?

SPECIAL CUT-OUT CUT-UP

A few issues back we had a report card for parents. Now we feel that they deserve something more. Like, for all their sacrifices, you should give them this...

DIPLOMA

FOR PARENTS

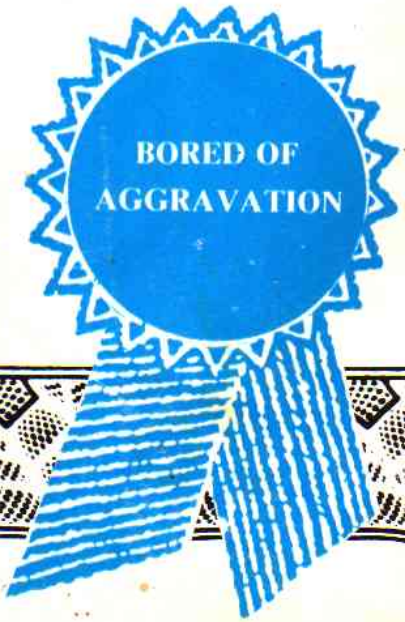
This is to certify that _____
(Fill in parent's name here)
has completed the managing of my life and is hereby given the honor of leaving me alone from now on.

Signed, sealed, sworn and sweated by

_____
(Fill in your name here)

Awarded B.A. Degree: Bachelor of Aggravation

SCHOOL OF HARD KNOCKS



A Sick Certificate